

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

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### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE "OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."

*Sir Roger de Coverley.* By the Spectator.

The Notes and Illustrations by W. Henry Wills. The Engravings by Thompson, from Designs by Fred. Tayler. Longmans.

READER! do you know the charm of unexpectedly meeting some old and well-remembered honest visage amidst a crowd of the jaded artificial phantoms we are wont to call "the world?" A sterling, homely face, fresh from green fields and country solitudes; breathing frank simplicities, affections of the hearth, charities, hospitalities; speaking that unshackled sense of enjoyment which is shown in an easy disposition to be amused, surprised, and pleased by every passing object; and that ungrudging credulity which takes all good for granted, and finds nothing barren.

Are you dancing the tread-wheel round of dismal fashion? doing the dreary penance of lisping, smirking, yawning weariness:—suddenly your hand is grasped with rude sincerity; it is old W—from the country. He is paying his triennial visit to London. You are seized with involuntary awe at the healthy freshness of the man. Well, we confess a like emotion at meeting our dear time-honoured old friend, *Sir Roger de Coverley*, in a handsome new dress, it is true, but after the ancient make and pattern. Will Honeycomb, too, and Sir Andrew Freeport, and the modest chaplain—how pleasant and familiar is the very sound of their names, and how freshly preserved, being ever true to nature, are their portraits, drawn by a hand so cunning, and a heart so kind! No exaggeration of sentiment is here, no convulsive straining after effect; all is grace, harmony, repose, the finest susceptibility allied to the soundest practical sense; the warmest and most genial humanity chastened and corrected by the last severities of art.

How pure and admirable is the diction; how clear and easy the construction; the humour how quaint and tender; the pathos, how unforced and natural! Wit and wisdom so delicately mixed, that the one penetrates the other as a subtle essence; the satire, finely tempered as Damascus steel, cutting as a sword, not wounding as a saw; never rude or harsh, but ever playful, temperate, serene; rather disarming, than attacking follies; rather leaving error to expose itself, than rudely tearing off the mask. There is not a thought of bitterness, nor an expression of acerbity in the whole series of papers. Every page is instinct with "human kindness." After alluding to Sir Roger's singularities of behaviour, the *Spectator* adds:—"However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him." Here is a gentleman with whom we may safely claim acquaintance—the member of the *Inner Temple*. "He is studying the

passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them." Sir Andrew (the Cobden of those days) "will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms," and says, "that *England* may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men." One sentence hits off a class, of which Will Honeycomb is the type: "To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest, worthy man." How exquisite is the sketch of Sir Roger:—

"You see the goodness of the master, even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years. \* \* \*

"If he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stand-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants. \* \* \*

"He was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university, to find him out a clergyman, rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon."

How acute is the perception of "Will Wimble, the darling of the country":—

"Being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother, as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a *Mayfly* to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods."

How many exact parallels of this "good-natured officious fellow" may there not still be found in nooks and corners of the country! In the chapter on the Coverley Lineage, mark the subtlety of observation in—"I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back," &c. &c. The Coverley Sabbath is as faithful a picture of a country church now as when thus drawn by Addison. The discussion of the parish politics in the *churchyard*, either after sermon, or before the bell rings, may be witnessed in every village; but we cannot vouch for the zeal of your modern squire, ensconced in his curtained snuggery of a pew, "to let nobody sleep in 'church' besides himself." The "differences and contentions" between the parson and the squire, "who live in a perpetual state of war," may still occasionally be found. "As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church." This passage has lately received a singular comment. It is only the other day we read of a certain squire affixing a notice to the church doors, that there was no warrant in Scripture for this mark of deference to his position, and that for the future, the congregation should "not stand upon the order of their going, but go at once," when the service was concluded. The chapter (by Steele) of *Sir Roger in Love*, is a perfect gem of nature

and art. The unwanted excitement and incoherence of the good old gentleman's language, as he "begins to rave" about the widow, "as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men," is reality itself.

"After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand in her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a publick table, the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

How judicious and temperately severe is the paper on the Coverley Etiquette, with the reflections on the loose conversation "among men of mode." The chapter on Instinct is interesting, both in the subject and in its treatment. "Sir Roger on the Bench" has two exquisite strokes of character,—the old knight, "for his reputation in the country," taking occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "That he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit;" and his getting up to speak, "with a look of much business and great intrepidity."

"The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and, I believe, was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country."

This is satire, pointed with affection. The incident of the Sign-post is a page of the most genuine humour in the volume.

The Story of an Heir, and On Party Spirit, are in a more serious vein, full of pertinent reflection and kindly wisdom. The latter had a strong intention when Addison wrote.

The chapter on Gypsies is perhaps the most familiar to all readers of the *Spectator* in the whole volume. Sir Roger's fond credulity—

"Still harping on the widow, when one of them who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him, That he had a widow in his line of life. Upon which the knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle baggage. And at the same time smiled upon me"—

borders closely on the pathetic, from which, however, we are relieved by the old Knight's discovery that his pocket had been picked,— "a kind of Palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous."

The Journey from Coverley Hall seems to us, living in these railway times, almost antediluvian, with all the business of "reckonings, apartments, and accommodation" on the road. The episode of the Captain and the Quaker inculcates manly and wholesome moral.

We are rather sorry to find Sir Roger starting for London. He seems so much more "native and to the manner born" at Coverley Hall. In London we find him walking early upon the Terrace in Gray's Inn Walks, "hemming

twice or thrice to himself, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air." His chiding and then relieving the beggar betrays the whole nature of the man. The "pieces of news" from his country seat are genuine touches of English country life. When we find Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey, we are anxious to discover whether and what he had to pay in those days for visiting our great national church. Here is a glimpse of the good old man we cannot forbear extracting:—

"As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, till the knight had got all his conveniences about him."

Is not this life-like picture affecting for its very simplicity?

The chapter on Widows (by Budgell) is perhaps the weakest in the series, and not altogether free from a certain coarseness which we never find with Addison.

The last chapter, in which Addison so abruptly hurries poor Sir Roger off the scene, for the same reason as Shakspere is reported to have alleged for killing Mercutio, "If I don't kill him, he'll kill me," is full of the finest touches of pathos. The device of making the old butler's letter relate the incidents of the last days of his master's life, is peculiarly happy, in lending to each minute trait, in the simple records of faithful and affectionate service and of unfeigned sorrow, a more *naïf* expression than could have proceeded from a highly educated person:—

"It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never enjoyed himself since: no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire."

The legacy of a book to Sir Andrew Freeport, "with some passages marked in Sir Roger's own hand"—"Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the Club"—is a fitting crown to the life of a man of a warm and well-disposed heart. Mark the healing efficacy of charity:—

"Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket!"

"Sir Roger passeth away!" Not the imperishable creation which Addison, with the fine jealousy of a true artist, hastened to remove from his easel, as a portrait he would not willingly let coarser hands deface, alter, or retouch, but the class itself of which Sir Roger was the genial and kindly expression.

Coverley Hall is *to let*. How dumb, desolate, deserted, it looks! The last time it echoed sounds of laughter and merriment was during the brief revolutionary dictatorship of the auctioneer, who was honoured with *instructions*, &c. Happening to be in the neighbourhood, we found our steps drawn, by a sort of inevitable fascination, to the precincts of a place sacred to our memory by many a

dear and precious association of hospitality and friendship. With a stealthy sadness we approached the massive gates. The good old woman, who was standing at the door of the lodge, "like Niobe, all tears," (though, by the bye, she had always in her happiest times done a large business in the weeping line,) scarcely recognised us at first, so bewildered was she by the incursion of stranger hordes, (Jews alas! as well as Gentiles!) Yet she had borne us in her arms we know not how oft, as the playmate of "her own boys!" She had been a servant in the family (as she was never fatigued of recounting) half a century—thirty years as nurse and twenty as janitress. At this moment we scarcely ventured to exceed the merest salutation; but she broke at once into a world of sighs. "Ah, good sir! is not this a sad business; if our good old master could be alive to see it." We wended our way up the broad avenue of ancestral trees, under whose kind shade generation after generation of children had gambolled, and worn men, returned home "to find all changed," had sought a refuge from the crowd. As we approached the house, broad black placards (the auctioneer's title-deeds) flared like huge blots on either side of the porch. Through the half-opened door a confused murmur was escaping, across which the wiry and persuasive admonitions of the "gentleman who had instructions," could be distinctly caught—broken once and again by a short sharp tap of a hammer—then a sort of momentary collapse of the excitement, reanimated by a fresh bidding. As we entered, how was it possible not to feel a choking in the throat—to see these callous cynical faces peering into the very penetralia of the domestic sanctuary; standing on the very hearth—roving through rooms hallowed by the most sacred of existences!—and looking down from the walls, stern, sad, voiceless, gazed fixedly the old ancestral portraits! In this room or in that, what episodes of home-history have passed—births, weddings, deaths, funerals—all the mingled woof of man's joys and sorrows. In that corner have we not seen the aged grandmother moved to tears by the chaplain and tutor, when, full of gratitude and old port, he would make his Christmas speech, in proposing the health of his patrons. Here have we seen a garland of fair children clustered round a patriarchal table. The hopeful joys of the christening-feast—the contending emotions of the bridal, with its "one sole meeting, and so many partings"—the desolation of the last sad office, when the parent's chair was vacant, or the bride of ten years since returned home once more. All these holy and harrowing associations—true household gods—are shivered, desecrated by a crowd of strangers! Once again we went to the old Hall: all was forlorn, shadowy, cold. The shrubberies are grown rank and wild with weeds, and grass, and brambles. The avenue is green, the lawns are jungles. The last patches of the placards of sale are rotting like blisters on the front of the house. We enter: stern, voiceless, sad, the old portraits (the sun striking them aslant) seem to root us to the spot with mute, inquiring gaze. As we ascend the staircase, and thread the long corridors, the silence pursues us like a remorse. We are in the children's nursery. One sole occupant survives the wreck: it is the old high chair in which the children sat in infancy! What is

the key to this sad history of change we meet so often in these times of change? Prime-geniture and strict entails have done their worst here. The young heir, who has scarcely seen his home since he came of age, has long squandered his expectations between the turf, *lansquenet*, and the *coulisses*. He is now living "like a prince" on an allowance of six thousand francs a year in a continental city. His patrimony and estate belong to the kind persons who first taught him *how to live*, and have thus relieved him of life's burdens! Such is the present condition of Coverley Hall.

"Sir Roger passeth away!" Yes! the country gentleman living in the midst of his tenantry as a father and a friend, beloved by the poor, administering justice with a heart ever alive to mercy, not learned, perhaps, but full of noble qualities and warm affection, surrounded by old servants whose forefathers lived in the service of his ancestors, is a type almost effaced! Where should he now find a place in these days of railways and electric telegraphs, and "thoughts that shake mankind?" in days of instantaneous communication, of universal education; when "right divine" has become a myth, loyalty a conclusion of prudence, ignorance a disgrace, war a costly delusion; politics no more a juggle of parties, but a sphinx-like riddle of social problems; the landed interest a new race who buy their ancestors of a picture-dealer, ready-made; the middle class a force of government, the "lower orders" a rising power. Let us not sit down to whine over the dead Past. Nations have their solemn destinies to fulfil, even as the individual hath, and in the unknown and mysterious developments to which humanity is slowly but surely advancing through the dust of ages, as to a transformation, there may be grander issues than were even dreamed of by the philosophy of that exploded science, miscalled political. The landed interest may become in time a distinct class no longer, but a universal People, whose title-deeds shall be the rights of regenerated Man. We shall then have exchanged authority for liberty; division of classes for fusion of interests; competition for peaceful co-operation. In the meantime, let us not, as Englishmen, refuse our love and reverence to the "grand old name of gentleman," which once represented the strength, and virtue, and independence of our country. The ignorances and prejudices of the "Squiresarchy," against which it is so popular to inveigh, were of their age; their sterling worth knew how to make England glorious and free. As long as our noble English tongue remains embalmed in the history, the laws, the literature, the religion of two worlds, this picture of simple faith, true-hearted loyalty, frank and affectionate courage, rare simplicity of manners, active and unostentatious charity, will remain to be the delight and the admiration of all time. It remains for us to record a strong note of praise for the admirable care with which this unique edition of the select *chef-d'œuvre* of Addison and Steele has been prepared. The papers have been collated by an experienced hand in their proper order and sequence, excluding all extraneous matter, so as to form as it were a gallery of illustrations of the life of Sir Roger de Coverley. A more thoroughly pleasant and agreeable book, or a more genuine English classic, can

not be imagined. The old type gives an appropriate *cachet* to the volume.

The designs by Frederick Tayler are happy in conception and spirited in execution, telling the story clearly and faithfully, and, as it were, *con amore*. The notes and illustrations of the text, placed, for convenience, in the form of an Appendix at the end of the volume, are precisely what notes should be; not an incumbrance, but concise, clear, and to the purpose, omitting no point of interest, whether respecting the literary history of the papers, or the various allusions scattered in the text to events and personages of the time. We trust this elegant and beautiful resuscitation of Sir Roger de Coverley may lead many to the purest sources of our national literature.

#### INSECT LIFE.

*Episodes of Insect Life.* Third Series. By *Acheta domesticus*. Reeve and Benham.

Our old friend the Cricket leaps forth this year with a merry chirp to complete the cycle of his entertaining narrative of insect life. He has discoursed right melodiously on the first two tripartite portions of the year, and is thrice welcome for his lessons of the concluding third. Poets and novelists have their Christmas books, why should not naturalists? They are the arbiters of a moving, breathing world, full of grotesque forms and living vagaries; and how many important facts of natural history that lie beshrouded in repulsive dryness, might be illustrated by the piquant concomitants of fun and fancy! Southeby, writing to Mr. Ticknor, in America, as quoted in our last, says, "with us no poetry obtains circulation except what is in the Annuals; these are the only books that are purchased for presents;" but alas! the days of the Bijou and the Amulet are past. Those delectable caskets, "not teaching more than the fond eye doth learn, which pries not to the interior," have given place to more substantial fare. The Good Shunamite and Sir Roger now furnish forth the new year's gift, while for all who would hold sympathy with the natural world around us, we have 'Flowers and their Kindred Thoughts,' 'Episodes of Insect Life,' &c. Then we have stories of those voracious ogres, the Cuttle-fishes, of Star-fishes, and the merry imps their playmates, and our own columns have given publicity to an occasional lyric on the Dodo and Sea Serpent. The zoologist finds no lack of materials for mirth and marvels, and who can say that the geologist may not one day tune his pipe to the Silurian song or Oolitic ode. It may be difficult to inoculate the physical philosopher with such imponderable views, but even he, when musing o'er the Christmas fire, may indulge in fairy reveries from out the gleaming carbon. Fun and fancy will not, however, be found acceptable without an admixture of fact, and they who have read the former series of these Insect Episodes, know well in what agreeable proportions such condiments are mingled for the amusement and instruction of mankind by the merry and wise *Acheta*.

The volume before us opens with seasonable mirth on the grasshopper tribe as "Lovers of Pleasure."

"Different nations would seem to have as opposite ideas about happiness as about beauty. The

Japanese, for instance, have selected that half-dea liver of centuries, the tortoise, to figure *their* idea of perfect enjoyment, while a Grecian poet chose the grasshopper, so eminent a creature of life, living through every hour of its single summer, as a representative of surpassing bliss, deserving the apostrophe of

"Happy insect! what can be  
In happiness compared to thee?"

But know you not, says the entomologist, that these lines of Anacreon have been only by error and mis-translation assigned to the English grasshopper, at cost of the Grecian tree-hopper, to whom they properly belong? True; but if we examine, somewhat *entomologically*, the well-known ode commencing with the above couplet, we shall perhaps find that each of the attributes, real or figurative, which it assigns to the classic songster of the tree, suit as well, and some of them much better, our rustic songster of the grass.

"We may notice in the first place, that the tree-hopper, called by the Greeks *Tettix*, by the Latins *Cicada*, received also from the former the title of 'Earth-born,' a title lofty in its lowliness, because it was an implied acknowledgment from men of Athens and of Arcady of a common origin with themselves—an admission that the insect was their brother, sprung (as they fabled) from the earth, their common parent,—whence, also, they wore golden tree-hoppers in their hair. The Greeks would have learnt, however, by a little closer observation, that instead of springing full-formed from the ground, as their goddess Minerva full-armed from the parental head, the infant tree-hopper was accustomed to emerge from the egg within a protecting fissure in some lofty branch—a groove formed by its mother with instinctive foresight, aided by efficient tools wherewith the Great Parent of all had furnished her. 'Earth-born,' therefore, was a term by no means applicable to the tree-born *Tettix*; whereas, to our grasshopper, who first emerges into life within a nest excavated in the ground, it is not, in a limited sense, inappropriate.

"To return now to our ode—

"Happy insect! what can be  
In happiness compared to thee?"

This felicity, without pretending to decide on its comparative or positive amount, we may fairly suppose to be tolerably equal with the hoppers of the tree and of the grass.

"Fed with nourishment divine,  
The dewy morning's gentle wine,  
Nature waits upon thee still,  
And thy verdant cup does fill;  
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,  
Nature's self thy Ganymede!"

This may be said no less truly than prettily of both our summer minstrels, only with reservation. Both, doubtless, take a similar delight in quaffing the 'morning's gentle wine,' the one, from the emerald salver of a leaf, the other from the golden chalice of a buttercup."

Let us, however, pass on to the entomology of our subject:—

"Our sketch comparative may possibly have excited in some of our readers a desire to compare for themselves the persons and the merits of our insect professors of the 'joyeuse science'; but this, with the tree-hopper, is no easy matter. The *Tettix* of ancient Greece, and *Cicada* of ancient and modern Italy, has a place indeed amongst British insects, but it has been rarely seen in England, and only, we believe, in the New Forest, whose shades, however, would not seem to have resounded with its song. Allied insects there nevertheless are, of English birth,—some of them pretty, some of form remarkable, but none very likely to attract attention, for lack of size and song. There is, however, one species to be seen universally on hedges and in gardens all through the summer, which, in shape and make, will help to give a notion of the true Cicada. Though the person of this diminutive tree-hopper, at least

before it attains maturity, is screened in a singular manner from common observation, there is scarcely an insect of more easy discovery when once we have penetrated the mystery of its white veil. Who has not noticed, about the time of the cuckoo's welcome advent, the leaves of hawthorn, hazel, woodbine—the leaves, in short, of almost every common shrub and plant in hedge and garden—beginning to be sprinkled with frothy masses, which they know, probably, by the familiar appellation of 'cuckoo-spit'? Pinning on this name their faith as to its *nature*, few people, perhaps, have ever taken the trouble to ascertain, as to the latter, the accuracy of their notions. Let such do so now by examination for themselves, and they will find, imbedded in the centre of each frothy 'flockon,' a little green, black-eyed insect, from whose body the froth is none other than a secretion, intended, it would seem, to cover and protect its wingless infancy. If removed by violence, this frothy veil is gradually renewed; but as its little wearer approaches maturity it becomes curtained and thinner. There is our time, if we wish to acquire from this Tom Thumb of tree-hoppers some slender notion of his comparatively gigantic relative, the Grecian Singer, to pluck him, with leaf and branch, from his native tree, and set him up under a glass for inspection or exhibition. The veil of froth having shrunk to a film, we shall then discern, as each part of the insect emerges from a previous skin, first, a large, flat, frog-shaped head, with eyes set wide apart; then a triangular neck, or shoulder-piece, flanked by small protuberances, which might seem apologies for wings; and, lastly, a short annulated body, pointed at the extremity. Six legs, of which the hinder pair, more strong and lengthy than their fellows, bespeak endowments of a leaping character, will complete, to all appearance, the somewhat grotesque figure of our little tree-hopper, or frog-hopper, as he is more generally called. But, though thus unveiled and thus uncased (his skin, perfect even to the legs, left behind him in silvery emptiness, like a shadow of his former self,) we shall yet have to wait a little longer before we can behold him altogether a thing complete. He lacks not wings, only his wings want expansion; but, after about ten minutes, occupied in their unfolding from out the little shoulder-knots which yet encase them, will appear, in readiness for flight, two large transparent pinions, defended outwardly by a pair of less delicate texture. When the latter have put on their colours, most often variegated brown and white, behold a final and ample finish to the exterior of our frog-hopper, who, as soon as released from crystal durance, will afford, in an agile spring, half-flight, half-leap, an ocular demonstration of the fitness of his name."

A chapter on Parasites introduces us to strange insect doings, told in a marvellously pleasant vein. The well-known cabbage-devouring caterpillar, whence spring the Large White butterflies of the garden, comes in for a liberal share of unconscious trouble:—

"While stuffing its variegated doublet of green, black, and yellow, with vegetable pulp, a small ichneumon, a little four-winged imp, with black body and yellow legs, pounces on its back, flourishes her tremendous egg-inserting weapon, and, seeking therewith the caterpillar's most vulnerable part, plunges it, now here, now there, between its rings, leaving, with every puncture, a 'thorn in the flesh,' soon to be the living prey of a brood of devourers.

"The victim of this infliction bears all with a most astonishing degree of quietude; and without any outward signs of the visitation which has befallen it, continues to discuss its cabbage with apparently the same relish as before, and utterly unconscious that, while seeming to feed only itself, it is in reality supporting the surreptitious progeny which Mother Ichneumon has so cunningly committed to its involuntary keeping."

And the aggressive habits of a parasitic wasp are thus vividly described:—

"The waspish lady is, however, we can tell you, Reader, a wasp of no common order; but one which, for beauty and splendour, has never met her match in the waspish world, nor her superior, perhaps, in the whole world of British insects. You must surely have sometimes seen her, a perfect living jewel as she is! with head, breast, and shoulders all thickly set with emeralds, outhshone only by the ruby-red and burnished gold which mingle in her fiery tail. You must have seen, and certainly have noted, such a notable as this, when alighted, according to her wont, in the hottest summer sunshine, upon posts and railings; but you may not know her by the names either of '*Chrysis*', of '*Golden Wasp*', or of '*Ruby-tail Fly*'; or even if you know her names, you may not be acquainted with her business—her business, that is, upon posts and railings. Never suppose that she so often visits these uninviting, flowerless, dry localities, merely to bask in the sultry sunbeams, or challenge them to outshine her golden splendour. No; this creature, in her glorious array, is bent on glorious mischief. You may, one day, happen to perceive, on the same post as that chosen for her station by the golden wasp, a hole bored in the wood, and you may also possibly see its borer, in the shape of a little bee mother, of the carpenter craft, who with infinite pains and labour has chiselled out with her jaws a nursery tunnel, divided it into cells, and stored it with provision for her young. But, ah! that jewelled ruby-tailed pryer has also watched her in her tender labours, which she will take good care to convert, if possible, to the benefit of her own waspish offspring. Only behold her (like a fiend in angel's guise) lurking to effect her purpose. She has deserted her sunny post, and hides her glittering form under the covert of some neighbouring leaves,—her glowing eyes fixed, though, all the while, upon the nest of her humble cousin Bee. She has seen her return, her thighs laden with the golden pollen which she has been collecting for her nestlings' store; but still, it wants completion, and she (poor busy mother!) meaning shortly to return, repairs once more to a neighbouring garden, to load herself again with sweet provision. But no sooner does she issue from her nest-hole, than the wily parasite darts from behind her screen, her dazzling body and glittering wings flash for a moment in the sun, then suddenly are lost in the dark perforation of the tunnelled bee's nest. Woe then to its hapless tenants! They may feast awhile upon the sweets provided by maternal care; but they will feast and fatten only to be devoured by a grub of the golden wasp, who, in her visit to their nest (fatal as it is brief,) has deposited an egg, or eggs, from whence will issue all this murderous mischief."

Here is the history of a harmless friend, with whom we have been intimate from our childhood, and many a time have chased with cruel sport along the nursery window:—

"The so-called superficies of nature  
Are growths but fancied, sprung of Ignorance."

"Next to the butterfly and the ladybird, we may perhaps assign a place, among the insect familiars of our childhood, to that ungainly skipper best known to us, wheresoever we may meet him—'upstairs or downstairs or in my lady's chamber'—as 'Old Father Longlegs.'

"Our book-learning may have possibly made us acquainted with him, since, under the more refined epithet of '*Tipula*', or *Crane-fly*; but call the creature by what name we may—'*Tipula*', '*Crane-fly*', '*Jenny Spinner*', '*Tailor*', or '*Daddy Longlegs*', it was nothing but his *legs* which made him, in our childhood, an object of wondering notice; and it is at this prodigious length of shank that some grown-up people may be apt to wonder still; to wonder, also for what purpose it was given; to wonder, thirdly, why the legs, which seem in truth hardly to belong to their owner, fall off so readily; and to wonder, lastly, at the unimpaired activity which

he is accustomed to evince under the loss of one or more of his six unstable supporters.

"Now, with reference to wonder the second and inquiry the first—that, namely, about the use, to its possessor, of an extra length of limb—no very probable solution is likely to present itself while we merely look at Father Longlegs when we happen to encounter him on *stairs* or in *chambers*, which, whether '*my lady's*' or '*my lord's*', are places where, in fact, he has no business—where he is nothing but an intruder—a stranger—and where, like other awkward creatures in strange society, he is never to be seen to the best advantage. But let those who would have a shrewd guess at the *use* of his ungainly members, take a peep at Mr. Longshanks when he is at home in his own element and in the indulgence of his own habits; for which purpose they can hardly do better than accompany us, this fine September evening, to some pleasant meadows watered by a running stream.

"Here then we are, with the sun about to set in all his glory; and here is our long-legged acquaintance in his glory too, and full of glee amidst a crowd of his companions; now rising blithely on the wing—now footing it feately over the blades of grass, be they low or be they high, by the help of his convenient pins, used like stilts to overtop all impediments, and to prove to us, lookers-on, that stilts were given him for *something*, and for something better than idly to fan the dust of '*my lady's chamber*', as he waves them up and down in his rest of seeming restlessness upon wall or ceiling. As we look, now, on the movements of Father Longlegs, we seem to see clearly that long legs were given him because his proper business, exercise, and pleasure require him to make his way, not over level ground, but over high, uneven grass.

"Our stilted walker is now upon the wing, and, as he rises into air, we perceive another of the apparent uses of his lengthy legs. We notice now, that in the act of flying his two fore legs are horizontally pointed forwards, while the four hinder are stretched out in an opposite direction; the one forming the prow, the other the stern of his trim-built vessel, in its voyage through the ocean of air."

But there are little Longlegs as well as big Longlegs:—

"There is a certain little fly, with a bright orange-coloured body, rounded and fringed wings, and feathered antennæ, belonging to the Longleg family, but compared with which the 'Father of it is a perfect giant. As with his Robin Hood relative, the rapacious propensities of this Little John are all exercised in early life—the period, namely, of his grubhood—when he 'sows his wild oats' by committing excesses on our cultivated crops of wheat. While these are yet in bloom he revels on the pollen of the florets, and leaves, in the deficient or withered grain, serious tokens of his destructive presence.

"So extensive, in a multiplied form, are the injurious operations of this tiny midge, that he and his companions in mischief have acquired general notoriety, under the name of 'the Wheat-fly'."

They who have been terrified by the midnight tick of the Death-watch, will be gratified to learn that this mysterious sound proceeds from an inoffensive insect, in whose company they may henceforth slumber peacefully:—

"The ominous Death-watch, when drawn from its hiding-place in old perforated floor or wainscot, picture-frame, chest, or black-lettered volume, comes forth (a mouse from a mountain of fear!) a tiny beetle of some quarter of an inch in length, and in its prevailing hues of grey and brown resembling the colour of the time-worn wood, whose decay they help (especially in their grubhood) to accelerate. That alarming 'tick,' to which at midnight many a timorous heart has beat in unison, is generally to be heard first in May, and on to autumn, by day as well as night, and, being considered analogous in purpose to the 'call' of

pairing birds, has, in reality, as little of ominous about it. The sound is not vocal, but consists of a series of quick successive beats, produced, usually, by the striking of the insect's mailed head upon the hard substance whereon it may be standing, or into which it has penetrated, most likely, while a grub. Some have supposed the grub itself to be the drummer, but, if this sometimes be the case, the perfect beetle is a drummer too, various accurate observers having been eye as well as ear-witnesses of its performance. \* \* \*

"The ticking of this apterous death-watch, instead of being repeated at intervals a certain number of times (usually from seven to eleven) as that of the beetle, is continued, like a veritable watch, without intermission.

"Such is the living main-spring of the death-watch when taken from out its wooden case; and though all its terrors vanish on being brought to light, it is easy enough to account for their origin in connexion with place, time, and circumstance.

"Most heard in old (perhaps *haunted*) houses, proceeding from wainscot or from bed's head, perhaps from picture-frame of grim old portrait, as if the 'tick, tick, tick,' of the invisible time-piece issued verily from the laced fob-pocket of some buried ancestor; or heard, possibly, with creeping awe, to proceed, 'tick, tick, tick,' from the elm-wood of a coffin before consigned with its mute tenant to the earth; heard, too, by night-wakers, the sick and the solitary, or night-watchers keeping their vigil beside the dying or the dead,—who can wonder that, with such concomitants, the hearts of the ignorant should have often, and may sometimes still echo, fearfully, the beat of the death-watch? And, perhaps, with all our little knowledge, our own might, under the like circumstances, do the same. \* \* \*

"Science, in removing partially the veil which conceals from us the mechanism of created things, leaves them still invested with every charm thrown around them by the imaginative mind. Nor need the rout of superstition—which is only imagination in a distorted form—loosen one legitimate tie betwixt our visible earth and the unseen worlds of which ours is a type. That, truly, is a connexion which, by every excitement, save that of terror, it is well to keep up; and for what, but for this end, has imagination been numbered amongst our faculties? Let us, then, cultivate this precious gift, which has the power of investing the meanest objects of sight and hearing with beautiful associations. \* \* \* Let us, through the visible millions which fill the earth and sky with insect music, be led to a pleasant but chastening consciousness of the presence of those 'millions of spiritual creatures' which

"Walk the earth

"Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep; and whose appointed office, besides that of 'singing their Great Creator,' may be to fill with harmony the moral elements which make our world of mind."

The tail-piece of this episode, representing a couple of skeleton phantoms footling it to the death-watch drummer, under cover of a death's-head moth, may be commended as an admirable specimen of lugubrious mirth, while the veritable insects are faithfully delineated in the vignette.

Notwithstanding the length of our notice, we are not yet half-way through this clever volume, and may be tempted to return to it.

#### PICTORIAL ANNUAL.

*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*, 1851.  
By Charles Mackay, LL.D. Jackson.  
Five-and-thirty engravings embellish this volume, and it is bound in a handsome and sumptuous manner, in red and gold. As far as illustration can go, therefore, it is rich in

of ominous consists of a head, usually, head upon standing, or y, while a self to be the case, various acquirements ear-wit- \*  
watch, a certain eleven) as veritable  
the death-case; and brought to their origin instance.  
(d) houses, head, per-  
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this end,  
our facul-  
tious gift,  
meant  
I associa-  
ble mil-  
ct music,  
ciousness  
spiritual  
phantom! —

"Hush, Juana: 'tis quite certain  
That the coffee was not strong;  
Own your error—I'll forgive you—  
Why so stubborn in the wrong?"

"You'll forgive me—Sir, I hate you—  
You have used me like a churl;  
Have my senses ceased to guide me?  
Do you think I am a girl?"

"Oh, no! you're a girl no longer,  
But a woman, form'd to please;  
And it's time you should abandon  
Childish follies such as these."

"Oh! I hate you! but why vex me?  
If I'm old, you're older still;  
I'll no longer be your victim,  
And the creature of your will."

"But Juana, why this bother?  
It might happen I was wrong;  
But if common-sense inspire me,  
Still, that coffee was not strong."

"Common-sense! you never had it!  
Oh! that ever I was born  
To be wedded to a monster,  
Who repays my love with scorn."

"Well, Juana, we'll not quarrel—  
What's the use of bitter strife?  
But I'm sorry I am married;—  
I was mad to take a wife."

"Mad, indeed! I'm glad you know it;  
But if there be law in Spain,  
I'll be tied to you no longer,  
I am weary of the chain."

"Hush, Juana! shall the servants  
Hear you argue, ever wrong?  
Can you not have done with folly?  
Own the coffee was not strong."

"Oh! you good me past endurance—  
Trifling with my woman's heart!  
But I loathe you and detest you!  
Villain—monster—let us part!"

"Long this foolish quarrel lasted;  
Till Juana, half afraid  
That her empire was in peril,  
Summon'd never-failing aid;

"Summon'd tears in copious torrents—  
Tears, and sobs, and piteous sighs;  
Well she knew the potent practice—  
The artillery of the eyes.

"And it chanced as she imagin'd—  
Beautiful as grief was she—  
Beautiful, to best advantage;  
And a tender heart had he.

"Kneeling at her side he soothed her—  
'Dear Juana, I was wrong—  
Never more I'll contradict you—  
But, oh, make my coffee strong!'"

The Parting, on account of its fitting length, must suffice for the tender; but we must say a good word for the Baby song, by the author of the *Patrician's Daughter*, and the Chinese Lady, chanted by Shirley Brooke.

#### THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

*History of the War of the Sicilian Vespers.*  
By Michele Amari. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Earl of Ellesmere. 3 vols. Bentley.

THE Introduction to this work might save the reviewer all trouble, and, having verified it by examination, we are much gratified in bearing our testimony to the very clear and correct analysis of the author's labours, with which the noble editor has prefaced them. Both the epitome and the opinions appear to us to be singularly felicitous and just, and every syllable of the historical view, and still more the documentary proofs, adduced and sifted in support of them, seem to establish the leading facts contended for, in an almost impregnable position. And this is the more extraordinary, because Signor Amari set out upon a foregone conclusion, viz., to demonstrate that the early struggles by which Sicily achieved a liberal constitution and national independency, were of a popular nature, and consequently offered an example for the present generation of Sicilians to follow to the same desirable end.

Giving us a slight sketch of the biography of Amari, truly does Lord Ellesmere observe—

"His history contains many incidental notices of the creation and progress of political institutions, presenting analogies to those which in the progress of time have ripened into the British Constitution. There are also circumstances connected with the affairs and condition of Sicily during the thirteenth century, anterior to the insurrection, which have a direct bearing on the development of the English Constitution. The lure of Sicilian dominion, held out by the Pope to Henry III. of England, led to financial embarrassments and consequent exactions, which not only incensed the clergy and armed the barons of England against arbitrary rule, but led to the representation of the commons. The Palatinate, ship-money, and Hampden of the reign of Charles I. were but repetitions, *mutatis mutandis*, of the Sicily, and forced subsidies and Simon de Montfort of that of Henry III."

The boyhood of Amari partook of the wild and wayward; and it was not till 1842 that he made his brilliant appearance in the world of letters as the author of this History. Connected with it is a sadly curious anecdote:—

"Previously Amari had resum'd his English

studies, and in the course of their pursuit executed a version of 'Marmion,' which by the advice and commendation of friends he published at Palermo in 1832. The great author of the original was about this time at Naples, and on receiving a copy of the work from Amari, acknowledged the attention in the following letter, 'graziosa e bizzarra,' as Amari terms it.

"SIR,—I was to-day fortunate enough to discover a mode of returning my best thanks to you for having taken the trouble to execute a very pretty translation, if my recollection be accurate, of the poem of 'Marmion.' I must, however, confess that I have not seen the original for nearly twenty years. You are therefore fully entitled to all the thanks which a man should owe you to whom you should introduce your famous self, and prove to your own satisfaction that you are better worth being acquainted with than you had supposed yourself."

"I am afraid I dare hardly hope for you the popularity which with less merit I had the good fortune to gain; but as the success of the sale is always an agreeable consequence of popularity, I hope with all my heart that the proof of it may reach you in this matter. And I am,

"With great respect,  
Dear Mr. Amari,  
Your obliged humble Servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

"Chevalier et Baronet. [sic] Palazzo Caramonica. 1st M<sup>o</sup> [sic] February [it should have been April], 1832."

"The publication also obtained for Amari the friendship of an English man of letters, Mr. Thomas Stewart, who had taken monastic vows in a Sicilian convent. Amari's second publication was a version of an elegy by this gentleman on the ruins of Syracuse.

"The revolution in France of 1830, recalled Amari's attention to politics."

With their course we have nothing to state, but the literary *finale* is a striking picture of the condition of the press. The *magnum opus* was published at Palermo in April, 1842, and we are informed by Lord Ellesmere:—

"In October, the Government had become enlightened as to certain resemblances between ancient and modern events and characters, which Amari's volume had not failed to suggest to many of its readers. A family likeness, and something more, was traced between Charles of Anjou and Ferdinand the Second. These interpretations became known to the Government. The book was prohibited. The censors who had neglected to stop it in the press were turned out of office. The Sicilian publisher, condemned on a false charge of clandestine printing, was exiled to the island of Ponza, where he shortly died; five journals which had noticed the work were suppressed. The author was summoned to Naples to be interrogated. His friends, and he himself, foresaw the result of a catechism conducted by Del Carretto, who considered himself as having sate for the portrait of William l'Estendard, and under direction of the sovereign, who had equal reason to suspect that he was aimed at in the delineation of Charles of Anjou. Amari embarked not for Naples, but for France.

"At Paris he betook himself with ardour to the prosecution of his historical studies, and found a new and interesting field in the Mussulman occupation of Sicily."

Whilst ardently engaged on this design, the Sicilian Revolution of 1848 broke out, and he hastened thither, took a leading part in it, and escaped the consequences of its suppression on board the *Odin*, which conveyed the fugitive to Malta. And our authority pronounces the following just and liberal verdict on the whole:—

"This sketch may suffice as a rough outline of the course of events and circumstances, which have

had for their present result the history here presented to the reader, and other works which might be enumerated, and which promise a further, and even richer harvest. Amari is yet in the prime of intellectual life. I trust the time is distant when that task of biography, which to be complete must be posthumous, shall in his respect devolve on some one more fitted to do it justice than myself. Men will judge of Amari's politics by the standard of their own opinions. Those who think that insurrection against prescriptive authority requires excuse, should not condemn him till they have well considered the past and present state of his country, and the character of the government and the institutions from which he endeavoured to withdraw it. Apart from these considerations, into which I do not enter, I believe that no character has emerged more pure from the furnace of continental politics than that of Amari.

"Many who have not read his work may have heard of it as one in which its author has laboured to refute a long-established and popular version of the overthrow of French dominion in Sicily. I know not whether the notoriety of this feature of the work may not generate distaste or distrust in the minds of some readers. Those who have sighed as the remorseless hand of Niebuhr plucked up by the roots the legends long believed and cherished of early Rome, may not behold without a pang the Sicilian insurrection stripped of its least probable, but most fascinating features. The travels and toils of John of Procida; the dark design prosecuted for years, communicated to so many, betrayed by none; the king mustering his forces, and dissembling their destination; the simultaneous rising at the preconcerted signal of the Vesper-bell, which has given a name to the transaction;—all these are incidents familiar to the ear, and pleasant to the imagination, but which the writer or student of history must henceforth submit to disbelief, and which can at best retain their place in the repository of the stage, or the pages of romance."

In this we entirely agree; and no one who reads Amari's History and the Appendix, can doubt that he has demolished the dramatic fable of five hundred years. What Voltaire, Gibbon, Sismondi, Brequigny, Koch, and others, doubted and impugned, his researches have set in a full clear light; and we must, perchance, part with the marvellous vision which has been peopled with so many wondrous forms, and perplexed with so many delusive splendours.

The details of the historical events are remarkably characteristic of the age of ambition, feudalism, chivalry, wrong, war, bloodshed, struggle, and insecurity; and the feelings and manners of the rude time are singularly developed. Spain, France, and Italy occupy the field; and, at this peculiar crisis in England, it will not be the least interesting portion of the study of Amari to see how the Popes acted throughout these intriguing and violent affairs. Thus, we learn that,—

"When Boniface was informed of the first steps taken by the parliament of Palermo, not being in a position to use force, he left no effort of artifice untried. He wrote to Frederick, on the 2nd of January, reminding him of the negotiations of the preceding year; of his own solicitude to procure him both bride and territory; urging, that though Catherine had refused the alliance, she would give way before renewed entreaties; and, therefore, imploring and conjuring him, with every powerful argument he could devise, to desist from the usurpation of the throne. He sent admonitions to the same effect to Queen Constance, and on the same day addressed 'to the Palermitanos and other Sicilians' a brief, couched in the most conciliatory terms, stating how the Church of Rome, now that the beautiful island of Sicily had been resigned to

her by James, would seek to heal her sorrows and to further the public weal, and would govern her independently, by means of a cardinal; adding, that the Sicilians might select whichever of the brothers of the sacred college should be the most to their mind, and that him the Pope would send to rule over them. With these missives he charged the Bishop of Urgel, and that Boniface Calamandano, who, for the last four years, had been traversing Europe in all directions, on account of the so-called negotiations for peace. They counted on the support of the faction of Alamanno and Procida, not being yet aware of its dispersion; and with these hopes Calamandano landed in Sicily, shortly before, or shortly after, the parliament of Catania. The practised negotiator discoursed to the citizens of the marvellous prosperity prepared for Sicily by the Pope; intrigued and strove to insinuate himself into their confidence; at length, seeing how strongly the tide set in Frederick's favour, he turned to his last resource—exhibited blank parchments with the papal seal affixed, and bade the Sicilians consult together, and whatever they should agree to ask—absolutions, pardons, immunities, franchises, privileges, or pledges—he would write upon the parchments, and the Pontiff would confirm them. But the Messinese, far from being entrapped by so gross an artifice, made a mock at it, encouraged by Loria, Palizzi, and the other leaders; and Peter Ansalone, a prudent and elegant speaker, went without further demur to Calamandano, and thus addressed him:—'Know,' said he, 'that the Sicilians will obey no foreign rule; know that they will have Frederick for their king; and see here! (added he, unsheathing his sword,) it is from this that the Sicilians look for peace, not from your lying parchments! Haste, and depart from Sicily, if you list not to die!' Boniface Calamandano, writes Speciale, would not encounter martyrdom in the service of worldly ambition. Returning to Boniface, he declared to him that no hope remained but in the force of arms..."

Calamandano was the Cardinal Wiseman of the day, and if we may judge by the lively revival of Guy Faux's fifth of November, last Tuesday week, the reception of the latter and his mission is pretty much on a par with the Sicilian adventure.

With regard to the general argument, we quote the following apposite conclusions, after a glance at Sicily before the Revolution of the Vespers, what it became in consequence of that revolution, and what it finally remained:—

"They (the Sicilians) cut to pieces the disciplined troops of France and Italy in the guerrilla warfare for which Sicily is so eminently adapted, and in the long struggle finally worsted the kingdom of Naples, which, with a population three times as numerous, was unable to subdue the island, although, in addition to its own funds and forces, were lavished against Sicily the ecclesiastical tithes of all Europe, the subsidies of the Guelph cities of Italy, and loans from the Court of Rome to the amount of more than three hundred thousand ounces of gold, (which, according to Villani, the Pope remitted to Robert at the time of his coronation;) yet all was insufficient, though troops were supplied for the war by France, subsequently by Aragon also, and always by unhappy Italy; and though Rome emptied her whole quiver of anathemas in an age not only religious, but superstitious, and expended against Sicily all the arts of that court, at once dexterous, sagacious, and accus-

\* "The office of this Boniface in the order of the Hospitalers, which has been a matter of doubt amongst our historians, is clearly expressed in a diploma of the 10th of October, 1294, to be found in the R. Archives of Naples."

† As chroniclers of the times, we allude to the resurrection of this spectacle in great force, throughout the land, and accompanied by personations and circumstances which dispel a very common youthful and vulgar error that used to prevail—namely, that the most imposing figure, Guy, was the honoured hero of the procession.—ED. L. G.

ted to regulate the political relations of the whole of Christendom. Yet the island, aided by none with funds, and by Spain with troops only for a time, with the assistance of a few Catalan adventurers and Genoese Ghibelines alone, carried on the war with unfailing vigour, and, at its close, triumphantly secured her glorious object. Such Sicilians, were the deeds of your forefathers in the thirteenth century! Thus they reasserted their independence as a nation, their dignity as men; and it was they who set the example to Scotland, Flanders, and Switzerland, all of which, at about the same period, shook off the yoke of foreign domination.

"If we now turn our attention to internal reform we shall find no less cause for admiration. The struggles of a people for liberty are by their very nature evanescent, unless they are consolidated into a regular system of government, and those evil and designing men removed, who seek to destroy their fruits. The former was happily accomplished by our forefathers, the latter they wanted knowledge or power to effect."

Amari describes the municipal, political, judicial, and other reforms, and declares:—

"Thus the Sicilians came forth from their revolution in the thirteenth century with a political constitution hardly equalled by those of the most civilized nations in the nineteenth century. It is worthy of remark, that Sicily alone of all the Italian provinces, enjoyed a monarchical government thus constituted; the rest, with the exception of Venice, were either unstable republics, or ruled by lords whose authority was absolute; even in the kingdom of Naples, the regal power soon extended itself beyond the limits of the constitution framed by Pope Honorius, and succeeded in effacing all recollection of it, being spurred on rather than restrained by the frequency of rebellion. \* \* \*

"And hence Sicily, which at the period of the foundation of the Norman dominion, possessed a code nearly resembling that of England, and which, in the memorable Revolution of the Vespers, reformed and augmented it, bequeathing it as a noble inheritance to future generations, gradually declining from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century, retained at that period much similarity in form, but little in substance, with the English common law, which afterwards came so much into vogue. And when the French revolution, like a hurricane, shook the ancient edifice to its foundations, the nation, with the exception of a few enlightened individuals, was neither capable of appreciating its merits, nor correcting its defects."

Before we shut the book we must again refer to the grand historical problem at issue, and, as we think, irrevocably disposed of by Amari in the searching and admirable appendix, in which he most acutely weighs the statements of elder writers belonging to every one of the competing parties. With him we cordially agree that, instead of a simultaneous massacre, with all the romantic incidents that embellish it,—

"The Sicilian revolution began at Palermo on the 31st of March, and was completed at Messina on the 28th of April, while Peter of Aragon continued to build ships and enrol troops in Catalonia, until the 3rd of June."

The adventures and doings of John of Prociada, and other famous worthies, fall to the ground, and—

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wrack behind."

#### JUVENILE LITERATURE.

ONCE upon a time there was a sort of juvenile publication, which, indeed, lasted for many years, and contributed infinitely to the de-

lectation of our grandfathers and grandmothers in their early youth, and to their loving parents, lapt in the enjoyment of their first abecedarian pursuits, and the pouring of fresh instruction o'er their infant minds. These were the days when Robin Hood and his merry Sherwood followers taught the young idea how to shoot; when Mother Goose was a fact, and nursing mother to the rising generation; when Goody Two Shoes superintended the undressing of happy children, and sent them joyful to rest, with their own shoes in their little hands; when Fine-Ear and his most accomplished brethren opened the valve of imagination, and let in more knowledge than the Seven Wise Men of antiquity, more strength of mind than could shine through the Seven Champions of Christendom—two heptarchies, by the way, which Heaven forbid we should depreciate;—when Red Riding Hood taught sympathy for innocent misfortune, caused by wrongful oppression and cruelty; when Cinderella gave pride and selfishness a nice lesson, *veluti in speculum*, to be reflected on for ages; when—when—when "the Cow jumped over the Moon," a feat unparalleled since then, till Miss Martin kept a cow at Newcastle! Then we must also remember the attractions of the binding. California could not surpass it in gold and splendour. So like gilt gingerbread, that it created an appetite that might make you devour the work—an amazingly fortunate thing for authors, and which ought not to have been so long lost sight of, till the *renaissance* of Owen Jones, and the revival of wood, carved and imbossed as M. Delarue so beautifully can do it, or imitated in gutta percha, that new material which can imitate everything, from garters to locomotives.

It was thus, when Infant Literature was in its infancy, and growing up to riper age, that it was cultivated with fancy and pleasurable excitement. There was nothing repulsive. Gaiety and Amusement were the handmaids of Instruction. The eye was charmed, the taste was awakened, the faculties were enlarged, the understanding was improved, the ideas were elevated, and the very first six or ninepenny-worth of learning bestowed, in golden covers, showed the intelligent and wondering pupils that there were more things in Heaven and Earth than were ever dreamed of in their baby-philosophy, (and, be it said, *par parenthèse*, that the greatest human philosophy goes but little beyond in explaining the miracles of the material creation, and the mysteries of the spiritual world).

And now arose a class of graver, Lord Burleigh-like thinkers—the apostles of the useful, the exploders of the fanciful, the genii of the dry and dogmatic. Learning, according to them, must be a serious affair. Their Tree of Knowledge was to bear fruit, but have no blossoms: a grand botanical mistake. Taste must be proscribed, mirth prohibited. Wisdom's ways were not to be paths of pleasantness. Mankind had had enough of holiday-making, and all work-a-day must now be the order of the day. Well, the succession to the gilt-book era went into the opposite extreme. In trying to substitute solid food for trifles, it produced a mass indigestible by young stomachs; and it was speedily discovered that as little information could be acquired whilst you were yawning as whilst you were laugh-

ing. The heavy task, the elaborate moral, the difficult problem, the tedious expounding, and all the inflictions of supreme reasoning and conclusive argument, failed to make boys more clever, or girls more attentive. If the small hammer had not knocked something into their heads, the large hammer stunned them. The superabundance of weighty treasure thrown upon them, like the Goth ornaments on the Roman traitress, buried them in utter darkness and destruction. The older system was accused of being frivolous; the newer system was found to be stupefying.

Under these circumstances it seems that we have arrived, in the business of books for children at any rate, at a rather more mixed practice, out of which we trust a happy medium may be educated. There are a few admirable productions of the graver character to warrant the highest encomiums; and there are perhaps more of a lighter order, which no less deserve the public approbation, and the patronage of those charged with youthful tuition. Be sure, as we have had philosophy in sport, we can have teaching made both lively and interesting. As the mind strengthens and expands, bring in the supplies of nourishment and culture—but do not choke it with too much when it is but feeble, and struggling into conscious existence. Keep alive and encourage the glimmer, before you attempt to provoke the blaze; otherwise your light will be put out, and your illumination fall into the blackness of night.

These remarks (perhaps too solemn for the subject matter in hand) have been suggested to us by a parcel of slight publications of a somewhat novel appearance, and entitled:—

*Pleasant Tales for Little People.* Six Parts, elegantly embellished with numerous Engravings, and done up in coloured fancy covers. Dean and Son.

*Easy and Interesting Histories, for very Little Folks.* By Miss Corner. Seven Parts, each embellished with four pages of elegantly-tinted Illustrations. Same Publishers.

Now this baker's dozen of Booklings approach towards the medium at which we have been hinting. The first division consists of brief inculcations of useful habits and moral lessons, well adapted to youthful capacities as they are opened to the blessings of instruction; and there is in one of the tiny volumes an excellent fairy tale, and in another a description of games for children, when assembled together to enjoy holiday recreations.

The second series, by Miss Corner, we can still more highly recommend. In a simple style, (rarely falling into the error of using too fine or laboured language\*), and printed in a nice large type; and altogether nicely got up and illustrated by Messrs. Calvert, Delamotte, Robinson, J. Gilbert and others, and the ornamental covers by Mr. Barfoot (an artist new to us), quite taking. Our young friends will rejoice in these easy, clear, and attractive introductions to an acquaintance with history.

Miss Corner has chosen her epochs skilfully, and sketched them in a manner to make an adequate impression. The order is, the Ancient Britons, the Saxon Conquest, the Life and Times of Alfred, the Nor-

\* As an example, we would point out the account of the Danish cruelties in the Life of Alfred. The words are too big.

man Conquest, the Middle Ages, the 16th and 17th, and the 18th and 19th Centuries, showing how the people lived, and what were their conditions, customs, and habits at these different periods.

The whole are exactly fitted for the nursery and juvenile school-room; nor will they be sought but welcome even to play-hours, and among young folks of a larger growth.

A few typographical errors occur. Great care should be taken in printing correctly, especially for youth.

*The Children's own Sunday Book.* By Julia Corner. Longmans.

To the foregoing we may here appropriately add another most laudable contribution from the pen of Julia Corner, to the most interesting and important of all tasks—the culture of the young mind. The bending of the twig is, indeed, the formation of the tree; and the good or evil of our whole social fabric depends on the education of our children, from the mother's breast to the period when reason dawns, (and a very early period it is,) and thenceforward as ripening judgment can be directed to guide us in the right way. Such are the objects of this prettily embellished little volume—just the thing for Sunday reading and instruction—and the contents in prose and verse, embodying nearly forty scriptural lessons, in an easy and popular but effective manner, render it a work than which no better of its kind can reward meritorious conduct in the family circle.

#### ETHNOLOGY.

*The Natural History of the Varieties of Man.*

By R. G. Latham, M.D. Van Voort. *The Races of Men and their Geographical Distribution.* By C. Pickering, M.D. Bohn.

*Races of Men; a Fragment.* By Robert Knox, M.D. Renshaw.

VARIETY of form, of colour, of properties and qualities, is a dominant idea that impresses us in a general view of the animate and inanimate economy of nature; 120,000 kinds of plants, nearly as many animals, some hundreds of minerals, air, fire, water.

A little reflection, however, enables us to perceive many resemblances, as well as differences among these objects; so science enunciates a law of uniformity and a law of diversity, according to which all are classified, and the operation of a rational cosmogony thus rendered evident.

Everything in nature would seem to be connected, in a way for which we are at present unable to account. We say submissively—*natura non facit saltum*; if any step is wanting in the numerical ratio of the planets, the astronomical mathematician predicates the existence of a body to supply the hiatus, and research has more than once confirmed him, and proved the order and symmetry of the plan. The heterogeneous matter of all things is reducible to a few simple elements of certain unvarying qualities, and possessing certain analogies. As a broad fact, it may be stated that chemists are able, by their synthesis and analysis, to produce the varieties of matter, if not all of the same form as in nature. But how are we to account for the numerous varieties of plants and animals? Granting that the great classes originated by

creative power, did all the varieties start into life at the same time, or have they gradually arisen since then? This question, and one connected with it—viz., the dispersion of plants and animals—involves too much for our space; but as they bear so closely upon the natural history of man and his varieties, we must endeavour to afford a glance at the position with regard to other animate objects.

Linnaeus ingeniously maintained that single pairs of animals, and all species of plants, were created upon lofty mountain in a hot climate, so that every variety of temperature might be had, suited to each species. From this romantic Eden they have spread abroad as they now exist. Others, at the head of whom is Rudolphi, contend that wherever the proper conditions of climate—soil, moisture, geographical position—are, that there the various kinds have arisen. Another view, with which the name of Widenow is associated, holds that creation began simultaneously at a number of centres, each one corresponding to that described by Linnaeus. In reference to plants, Prichard sums up the argument thus—“Each country had its peculiar tribes, which at first existed not elsewhere. This conclusion results most distinctly from the general difference in the species belonging to each of the great continents.”

Varieties of species have probably arisen from external agencies, and have been propagated. With regard to animals, Prichard equally infers, that the various tribes of organized beings were originally placed in regions adapted to their nature, and had one beginning from a single pair.

From what has been said, it will be gathered that certain varieties of species arise partly from internal causes, partly from external, which, by hereditary transmission, form different races. One of our authors, Dr. Knox, denies the transmission of peculiarities and their origin as the effect of climatic causes, endeavouring to ridicule the views of Prichard as ‘fanciful’ and ‘hap-hazard,’ asserts that he “has succeeded in misdirecting the English mind as to all the great questions of race.” We mention this, not that it possesses much weight, but only in our duty to show the general opinion of the book. Müller, one of the least prejudiced of modern physiologists, says, “the propagation of like with like is, however, capable of perpetuating, not merely a physical type, but also the faculty which individuals acquire by education.” The varieties of dogs differing in physical and psychical qualities, are good evidence; e.g., the greyhound, the foxhound, the sheep-dog, the game-dog, and water-dog. Evidences of the effect of climatic (external) causes are abundant; they are found in differences of form, colour of the skin, and covering of the skin. Contrast the wild boar and domestic hog, the English sheep with the Kirghis sheep, the Thibet with its lump of fat in the tail, or the Zeburind with a hump of fat on its back. The wool of sheep is in some more like hair, and curly; many of these changes have been observed in progress. In some of the South Sea Islands the wool becomes long, straight hair; in Peru and Chili also. The reverse may be seen near Harrow, where there is a flock of Syrian sheep becoming more and more woolly, and losing their Asiatic character. In plants analogous changes have been observed; the seeds of the white cab-

bage of Germany, when sown at Naples, produce cauliflower; the naked barley of the Rhine (*hordeum caeleste*) will degenerate into the bearded variety; so, too, the whole round of deformities in plants might be adduced.

It might be supposed that while such grand effects of climate and hereditary tendency are in operation, that the whole range of plants and animals ran the risk of becoming thoroughly intermixed and confounded, one kind with another; but to prevent this comes in the law with regard to hybridism.\* Individuals belonging to a distinct genus are incapable of progeny. Members of different species of one genus produce hybrids also incapable of progeny beyond the third generation, either of plants or animals (Lindley). But while man is as much subject to the influence of climatic causes as the lower animals, and in a greater degree to those arising from the domesticated state and education, he is alone exempt from the law of hybridism. If he were not, we should be disposed to argue the existence of more than one species of homo. Some eminent naturalists, e.g., Desmoulins, Virey, Borey de St. Vincent, consider that there is more than one species of man, and so we presume Dr. Knox thinks, for he says “that permanent varieties is just another name for species,” and again, in reference to Prichard and Blumenbach’s views:—

“Such a theory has not a single well-ascertained fact to rest on, is my most firm and solemn belief; and it is incredible that so flimsy a hypothesis could ever have laid hold of philosophic minds.”

To support the general views of these naturalists, it would be desirable to connect man with the *simiae*, by means of the lowest of his varieties, the Bushman and Negro. This has been attempted by Tyson, Camper, Lord Monboddo, and Soemmering. The celebrated Tiedemann pointed out a very complete analogy between the brains of man and the orang, and that the brain of the orang differs from that of other *simiae*, and approaches that of the human brain, in many striking particulars in respect to which differences have been traced between the brain of man and that of monkey tribes in general (*Tiedemann in Prichard*); but the researches of Mr. Owen upon the skulls of the adult orang, and of Lesson upon the brains, the skeleton, and the character of *simiae*, tend to prove them only the analogue of man amongst brutes; so as to modify the otherwise ‘profound gulf’ that separates man from brutes; upon the principle of gradation which pervades the universe.†

The doctrine that every part of the world had originally its indigenous inhabitants, is an easy way of accounting for the varieties of man, if it could be supported by facts, and if it were not for the undeniable analogies and

\* The instinctive peculiarities of species are also remarkable, as distinguishing one from the other in a marked and invariable manner.

† The differences between people of the same race, living under similar circumstances, both in physical and psychical properties, is greater than is generally supposed; almost all forms of head and face, of body, of hair in all colours, straight, woolly, and curly, and of complexion, may be observed among Europeans. Varieties in the form and disposition of the internal organs are also remarkable, such as the heart and large vessels being on the right side, different arrangement of the arteries, nerves, and muscles in the limbs. So also are the cases of the porcupine family exhibited to the Royal Society, the peculiarities of which were hereditary to three generations at least; the white negroes; and piebald varieties. A case is authenticated of a negro family that always had a white child, from time to time, for some generations.

classifiable forms of language; but at the best this is something like cutting the knot, and, if it were admitted, the study of Ethnology would no longer exist in its enlarged character. Still the differences in the human kind are so great, that, as Dr. Prichard says:—

“If a person, after surveying some brilliant ceremony or court-pageant in one of the splendid cities of Europe, were suddenly carried into a hamlet in Negroland, at the hour when the sable tribes recreate themselves with dancing and barbarous music, or if he were transported to the saline plains over which bald and tawny Mongolians roam, differing but little in hue from the yellow soil of their steppes, brightened by the saffron flowers of the iris and tulip;—if he were placed near the solitary dens of the Bushmen, where the lean and hungry savage crouches in silence, like a beast of prey, watching with fixed eyes the birds which enter his pit-fall, or the insects and reptiles which chance may bring within his grasp;—if he were carried into the midst of an Australian forest, where the squat companions of kangaroos may be seen crawling in procession, in imitation of quadrupeds;—would the spectator of such phenomena imagine the different groups which he had surveyed to be the offspring of one family? and if he were led to adopt that opinion, how would he attempt to account for the striking diversities in their aspect and manner of existence?”

Now, we found it necessary thus far to enter upon the general subject of Natural History of Man, because none of the writers before us has gone into such matters at any length. Dr. Latham’s work deals rather with the ethnological part of the subject, with the affinities of languages, and the method of studying to be adopted; above all, to the development, as far as modern discoveries admit, of a wider classification of the varieties of man, which we shall be more in a condition to discuss hereafter. The work by Dr. Pickering “a distinguished member of the scientific corps attached to the United States Exploring Expedition,” is a reprint in Mr. Bohn’s ‘Illustrated Library,’ of the seventh volume in the series published under the superintendence of the United States Government. It is deficient in systematic treatment of the subject, though containing a fund of useful and interesting matter for the ethnological reader. This want is, however, supplied by the analytical synopsis at the beginning of the work, by Dr. J. C. Hall, of Sheffield, which affords a good view of the general subject. Dr. Pickering’s views may be gathered from the following short extracts from his chapter headed “Zoological Deductions.”

“There is surely no reason why the order of nature should be set aside, for the special accommodation of physical man; and taking it for granted that he has been placed on the globe in union with the rest of creation, and subject to the same general laws which guide us in investigating other beings, we may proceed to search for his place of origin, in the same manner as for that of other natural productions.”

“His original birthplace has been in a region of perpetual summer, where the unprotected skin bears without suffering the slight fluctuations of temperature. He is, in fact, essentially a production of the Tropics; and there has been a time when the human family had not strayed beyond these geographical limits.”

And thus sums up the result of his investi-

but at the knot, of Ethnology enlarged the human world says—

“I have seen in all eleven races of men, and although I am hardly prepared to fix a limit to their number, I confess, after having visited so many different parts of the globe, I am at a loss where to look for others; and there is, I conceive, no middle ground between the admission of eleven distinct species in the human family and the reduction to one. This latter opinion, from analogy with the rest of the organic world, implies a central point of origin. Further zoological considerations, though they do not absolutely require it, seem to favour a centre on the African continent, and confirmatory circumstances of a different character are not wanting.”

Dr. Knox calls his book “a fragment,” the result of “much thought and anxiety, while it contains being wholly at variance with long-received doctrines, stereotyped prejudices, national delusions, and a physiology and a cosmogony based on a fantastic myth as old at least as the Hebrew record,” declaring the physiology of the schools to be “effete common-place,” and “the era of Cuvier at an end.” There is a wild vein of political animosity runs through his treatment of every subject, more in the style of the triton among the minnows of some country Athenaeum, than of a man who really must know something of the subject, and who possesses real merit for his account of the South African nations. It is, however, an amusing book in many respects, and not the least so for the bold tilt he runs at science from Hippocrates downwards, and at the powers that be, from thrones and armies, to the tyranny of *The Times*. But we pity the poor beginner in ethnology into whose hands it falls. After stating that no materials exist for a history of mankind, he says:—

“Of man’s origin we know nothing correctly: we know not when he first appeared in space; his place in time, then, is unknown. Still thought to have been coeval with the existing order of things, this theory will require revision, now that the dawn of the present organic world, even as it now stands, can be shown to have an antiquity agreeing ill with human chronologies. In the meantime how worthless are these chronologies! How replete with error human history has been proved to be!

“The basis of the view I take of man is his Physical structure, if I may so say, his Zooloogical history. To know this must be the first step in all inquiries into man’s history: all abstractions, neglecting or despising this great element, the physical character and constitution of man, his mental and corporeal attributes must, of necessity, be at the least Utopian, if not erroneous. Men are of various Races; call them Species if you will; call them permanent Varieties; it matters not. The fact, the simple fact, remains just as it was: men are of different races. Now, the object of these lectures is to show that in human history race is everything.

“Of the minute physical structure of most of the races of men we know nothing, anatomical inquiries having as yet been confined to the investigation of a very few European races; I may almost say, merely to the Saxon and Celtic. When some superficial observer has made a few remarks on the skeleton of a race, he fancies he knows its anatomy!”

We find him perpetually fighting a wind-mill under the name of ‘race,’ as though

the investigations made amongst the different people visited in the Expedition:—

“I am prepared to assert that race is everything in human history; that the races of men are not the result of accident; that they are not convertible into each other by any contrivance whatever. The eternal laws of nature must prevail over protocols and dynasties: fraud,—that is, the law; and brute force,—that is, the bayonet, may effect much; have effected much; but they cannot alter nature.”

“We know not the history of any one race on the earth; all is conjecture, pretension, error, obscurity.” To the “transcendental anatomy of Oken, Goethe, Spix, Martius, and a host of other Slavonians, which alone affords a hope of a true theory of nature” we are to look, and not to the “diverting crew” of English low transcendentalists.” Woe unto ye, Saxons! “of all others the most outrageously boasting, arrogant, self-sufficient beyond endurance, holding in utter contempt all other races and all other men.”

(To be continued.)

#### SUMMARY.

*Post-Office London Directory, 1851:* Kelly and Co. THIS massive volume, which yearly increases in size and usefulness, has made its usual appearance. The inhabitants of London are catalogued for us by the editors, not only alphabetically, but according to their occupations and residences. A Parliamentary Directory—a Postal Directory—and City, Conveyance, Banking, and Assurance Directories, contain under their respective heads every item of information that can be useful, so admirably arranged as to be instantly accessible. No resident in the metropolis should be without the *Post-Office Directory*. It is as necessary and serviceable to the Nobleman and the Esquire, as it is absolutely essential to the Banker, the Lawyer, the Merchant, the Manufacturer, and the Tradesman.

*The Catechism of Nature: from the Dutch of Domar-lines.* Corrected by the Rev. J. Joyce. Nineteenth Edition. Tegg and Co.

It is seldom we depart from a rule so salutary as that which precludes our observing, in this place, upon subsequent editions of works which have been previously mentioned in our columns, but we really feel called upon to notice the fact of the present having obtained such a circulation, as to have reached a nineteenth edition. Few books have been more extensively used than the present, which has been translated into several different languages, and in each has enjoyed the advantage of passing through repeated editions. The present is edited by Mr. Douglas Campbell, and “has received,” says the editor, “such alterations and additions as are demanded by modern advances in scientific knowledge.” We have looked through the various chapters carefully, and consider the pains which have been bestowed upon them would justify the editor’s statement, had he added some modest qualification; but in the face of so positive an assertion, we must remind him that naturalists have ceased to class the centipedes under the sub-kingdom *mollusca*, and that there are, and have been, very many naturalists more eminent than most of those enumerated by him. We hope to see these matters rectified in the *Grammar of Natural History*. Mr. Campbell is preparing for publication.

*A Vindication of Unitarianism, in reply to the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D.* By James Yates, M.A. 4th Edition. Whitfield.

THIS is an old, able, and learned controversy, to which the author has now placed the crowning stone, after battling for six-and-thirty years. Without hinting at an opinion on the important question at issue, we think we are called upon in

justice to say, that Mr. Yates seems to have brought forward every argument that can be urged on his side of it, and stated them in a temperate manner and with great skill. The Unitarians may be satisfied with their champion; for if he does not prevail in defending them, they will find it difficult to raise up another of equal learning and talent.

*The Excursionist’s Guide; or, Three Days in Paris.* Bosworth.

It is easy to have three days in Paris now, but not so easy for a stranger to know how best to employ them. Well, here is a little terse, of twenty-four pages which tells them; and we are free to say of it, that if its advice is followed, the visitor will have seen as much of Paris as the time will admit, and almost as much as would satisfy any ordinary curiosity.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL RECONCILIATION.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

London, November 13th, 1850.

SIR,—Agreeing most cordially, as I do, with the sentiments that have been from time to time expressed in your *Journal*, on the subject of the suggested amalgamation of the rival societies—“The Archaeological Association,” and “Institute,”—as a sympathizer with the movement, I cannot but offer you my individual acknowledgments for the deep interest you have yourself taken in the matter; and I feel a corresponding regret that the question has hitherto been met with so little appropriate feeling by at least one of those Societies,—I should perhaps more correctly say, its governing body.

As a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, I felt desirous of participating in the advantage (which I regret, by the way, the elder Society does not offer) of attending the annual congresses in cathedral cities. I therefore joined, with that object, one of these junior rivals to the parent Society. I soon found, however, I had by that act placed myself in a false position; I had become one of a party, and friends that I possessed in the rival house considered I had, from that circumstance, adopted a creed in accordance with my new-found associates. To remove any such impression, I subsequently sought admission to the ‘house in opposition,’ and have paid my subscriptions to both accordingly; looking forward with hope that a reconciliation might be arranged between them. Such reconciliation has recently been attempted to be brought about, with what success you are well aware; the hand of friendship has been frankly held out on one side, but only to be accepted on the condition of humiliation to the first proposers of peace.

So impressed am I by the remarks of F. S. A., in your last Saturday’s *Gazette*, that I have determined at once to act upon his suggestion, and refuse adherence to either society, until their respective councils consent to the unity so much desired by the general bodies of each.

At the meetings of the Society of Antiquaries, I have too frequently been disgusted at the unworthy efforts made by these rival factions (and both of them are pretty numerously represented in our venerable body,) to the exclusion of some member of either of them from election as a fellow of the Society. I have seen the man of merit rejected, solely from the successful efforts of these apparent natural enemies, directed against each other.

Surely, sir, these proceedings must impede the progress of the science of Archaeology, by hindering that principle of friendly co-operation which should animate its devotees. At present I am inclined to exclaim, with Mercutio,—

“A plague o’ both your houses,” and am, Sir, yours, &c. J. W. B.\*

\* We have only to vouch for the complete independence, and reality of the description of his position, given by our respected correspondent.—ED. L. G.

THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION.  
PROGRESS.

WE write from the centre of manufacturing England. We have examined for ourselves the progress which has been made in the various departments of textile and metallic manufacture, and we have availed ourselves of every opportunity of learning the prevailing feeling, not of the masters only, but of the workmen, in all the districts which we have visited. The note of preparation sounds loud and earnestly on every side: the shuttle is plied and the hammer wielded with a most zealous endeavour to produce specimens of British industry, which shall prove worthy of the great cause to which they are to be devoted. Merchants and manufacturers, from the nature of their positions, necessarily acquire the habit of inquiring in what way they are to be benefited by any scheme which is presented to them. They desire to see that money and time—to them both are equally valuable—are not wasted upon any idle or unprofitable game—that there is a fair and reasonable prospect of their being benefited by the experiment, and that the speculation is of a legitimate character. This cautious spirit has been displayed by most; and the advantages of the Great Exhibition have been carefully examined, and every feature of it jealously scanned. This ordeal is to all things a most trying one, and but for the truthful character of this conception, which is now rapidly growing into a great reality, the Exhibition could not have withstood the storm of conflicting feelings, with which it has been at every step assailed. It has, however, like a mountain cedar, gathered strength by the beating of the storm, and it stands now boldly in the face of mankind, in all that concerns its vitality, an accomplished fact. Those who paused, who cautiously avoided all outward signs of approval or the contrary, pause no longer, and their caution has given way to a more life-like feeling; all are bestirring themselves to secure a full and fair representation of the industry of that circle of which they individually form a portion. Many were slow in receiving, in all its fulness of purpose, the grand idea of this great industrial gathering. Many entirely misunderstood its objects; and not a few, with gloomy vision, saw images of evil, shadows of gloom and danger, which became to them forebodings of sorrows which were to accompany this display of human handicraft, and of those productions of Nature which man has moulded for his use or ornament. The clouds have cleared away, and all men now perceive that the practical utility of the Exhibition is beyond a doubt; and in these districts where the unceasing rattle of machinery, and the fuliginous atmosphere, alike proclaim the extent of British industry, and the power of our mechanical skill, we discover but one feeling, we hear but one expression.

The force of this expression is best told in the following facts. From Leeds applications have been made for 9,000 superficial feet of space in the Palace of Glass; of this 5,000 feet are required for machinery—and we have seen some of the beautiful examples of spinning machinery which are preparing, and these, we are quite satisfied, will be without rivals in any similar contrivances to aid the labours of man; and 3,000 feet are sought for to exhibit the textile manufactures from this neighbourhood. Sheffield requires nearly 14,000 square feet, and every variety of steel and plated goods will find its place within that space; 252 firms exhibit from this one manufacturing town. We have visited some of these, and the most interesting series of Sheffield goods are evidently in preparation. From the knife of the Norman, and the whittle of the Saxon, an historical series of cutlery will form a part—German silver spoons, of which thousands are annually sent to America—sold at one farthing each—cutting tools which cannot be excelled in the world, and ornamental castings in great variety, will be among the collections,

Wakefield and Barnsley, York and Derby, Rotherham and Chesterfield, have been embraced in our survey. Linen fabrics and paper hangings—grindstones and Jacquard looms—vases of the most elegant kind in the marbles and fluor spar of Derbyshire, and tables inlaid with British stones, after the style of the Florentine works, have been shown to us in the progress of construction, and we are more thoroughly satisfied than we have ever been, that England can well afford to invite the world to compare their labours with her own. Travelling from Sheffield to Masbro' with an intelligent party of workmen (file cutters and cutlers,) the conversation was the Exhibition of 1851, to visit which they were all preparing by weekly savings. We were much pleased at the sound common-sense view of the affair which prevailed among them. They all appeared to expect to derive instruction from seeing what the foreigner could do—and one exclaimed, in good Yorkshire vernacular, "It will do us good to have some of our nonsense knocked in the head, for we are a conceited lot." It was also satisfactory to find that these hard-handed workmen looked to the exhibition of the raw materials with some anxiety, hoping that from the exhibition of iron ores, iron and steel, they might be enabled to find a British steel which should be in no respect inferior to the Russian, which is now exclusively used for all the better class of manufactures.

Referring to the raw productions of the mineral kingdom, a department which it was at one time feared would not be fully represented, we are enabled upon information of our own to state, that no section of the Exhibition will, in all probability, be more complete. A collection of all the iron ores of the United Kingdom, comprising clay and bog iron ores, haematites and magnetic iron ore, is in process of formation. Cornwall and Devonshire will contribute an extensive series of tin, copper, lead, silver, manganese, cobalt, and other ores. From Somersethshire a careful selection of its mineral products, and sections, illustrating their mode of occurrence, will be exhibited. Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, Durham, Flintshire, Shropshire, Cardiganshire, and all the lead producing counties, are now actively preparing to show the products of their rocks. In the Isle of Man, acting upon the recommendation of the Rev. J. G. Cumming, Vice-Principal of King William's College, the local committee are making a valuable selection. The following extract from Mr. Cumming's published letters will show us what may be expected, and it at the same time instructs us as to the value of the products of this British Island:—

"Take then, the first division, that of the Mineral Kingdom, and we have on the Island magnificent specimens of copper, lead, (with silver,) and zinc, in the Laxey, Foxdale, Ellerslie, and Brada mines; rich veins of iron ore at Maughold; and (next to the Russian) the bestumber and ore of the market in the Ballasalla district.

"Further on in this same section we have mention made of lime and its compounds, as limestone and marbles, granites, sandstones, slates, porphyries, bricks, tiles, earths, sand, common salt, clay, quartz, felspar, pebbles, agates, jaspers, cornelian, all of which are the natural produce of this Island. No lime is comparable to that produced from the limestone of the geological division of the mountain or carboniferous limestone series, which is that which occurs in the south of this Island, supplying the kilns of Port St. Mary and Malew; the imperishable limestone of Scarlet, which has stood the test of nine centuries in the magnificent pile of Castle Rushen, is surely worthy of being presented as a building material, along with the granite of South Barrule and the Dhoon, the enduring character of the former of which may be seen in many old buildings in the south of the Island, and its capability of being wrought in the beautiful new church of St. John's. The black schist of Poolvash is well known to have furnished steps to St. Paul's Cathedral; its adaptation for tombs, monumental crosses, flooring squares, and the interior work of churches, has

only need to be made known to bring it into very general use, as well for its beauty, as for its economy; it is already largely employed for chimney-pieces. The black marble of Ballasalla, though not possessing so deep a jet as the Derbyshire black marble, is fully equal to the Irish, and admirably suited for chimney ornaments, as obelisks, plinths for vases, &c., whilst the grey shell marble of Poolvash has been wrought into beautiful hall tables, and stands for busts and lamps. On our shores, too, as the washing of the great drift gravel platform, we find various pebbles, madrepores, cornelian, and agates, which need but the lapidary's wheel to command a market. There are immense masses of quartz, felspar, and porphyries, scattered up and down in the Island, the latter the best road material in the world, though (excepting in two instances, and that merely through its accidental proximity) not used for that purpose on the insular roads. Then again, we have in slate the fine lintels of Spanish Head, reaching from ten to fifteen feet in length, and (if desired) the same in breadth. Why should they not come into general use for floorings, as in prison cells, where they would reach from wall to wall, and require no supports?"

Enormous vases of granites, serpentines, and porphyries are in process of construction in Cornwall, in Scotland, and in Ireland. Columns and obelisks in the same materials, intended to show the applicability of these rocks to many ornamental works, we also know to be in progress.

In addition to the metalliferous minerals of the northern parts of our kingdom, the coal, sandstone, and iron-stone formations will be illustrated by specimens, geological models and sectional plans; and models of mine machinery are, in many places, in active progress. In Cornwall, a very large model of the dressing floors of one of the largest mines in the property of the Duke of Cornwall is being made, which will completely exemplify the process by which the poorer copper ores are prepared for the market; and we learn that but for the immense cost of the carriage, and the erection of it, that a ninety-five-inch cylinder Cornish pumping engine would have been fixed in the glass case of Hyde Park. The cost of carriage, and merely putting this enormous engine together, would not cost less than 1000.; therefore, the idea has been abandoned, but one of a thirty-inch cylinder, which will fully illustrate the principles of these great machines, will be forwarded. A model in glass of the water-pressure engines of the Alport mines will, probably, find a place among the mine machinery.

The returns from other districts are no less satisfactory. Manchester requires nearly 40,000 square feet of space, to be occupied by contributions from 270 contributors. These include almost every kind of useful manufacture. From the metropolitan returns we select that of the city of London. This committee has had applications from 1378 exhibitors, who require 49,857 feet of floor, 19,794 feet of counter, and 40,436 feet of wall. From this we may judge of the energy of the metropolitan exhibitors, to prove how highly they appreciate the advantages offered to them by this National exhibition. From the metropolitan districts, Mr. Wyld's Monster Globe is one of the objects which promise to attract much attention. It will be 56 feet in diameter, and it is stated will cost upwards of 4000. We are not quite sure but the space might have been better occupied, although it may be made to serve the purpose of a guide, and enable the visitors to the Exhibition at once to see the various parts of the world which have contributed their productions. The Ladies' Carpet is a good idea, and should it be the means of turning the industrial skill of our fair country-women towards the manufacture of articles of utility, rather than to those—too often useless and not often elegant—productions in Berlin work, &c., Mr. Papworth and Mr. Simpson, the designers, will deserve all thanks. This carpet is to be thirty feet long, and twenty feet wide. It will be executed in Berlin wool, in 150 squares of two feet—

each of which, it is expected, will be worked by a different lady, and the whole then united. The intention, as put forth by the designers, is to "develop a novel branch of employment, to alleviate the distresses of educated females, upon whom the hand of adversity unfortunately presses."

We shall shortly be enabled to present to our readers a complete digest of the amount of space required by every district. The whole space demanded is considerably more than can be possibly obtained within this Palace of Glass, noble and extensive as it is. The Executive Committee are now engaged on the subject of the allotments, and it must prove a difficult and arduous duty. We are aware that many parties have applied for space which they never intend to occupy, and they have done this under an impression that they will be enabled to sell portions of the space allotted to them, and thus realize considerable sums of money. We know of some cases in which men have applied for hundreds of square feet, who do not themselves intend to occupy ten. The Executive Committee having, therefore, allotted to each district committee such a portion of the building as they may deem equitable, these local bodies will have carefully to examine the requirements of every individual, and on that examination to decide, with firmness, but justice, the quantity of space which the merits of their manufactures and their size recommend.

The American papers convey to us the following interesting account of the Exhibition recently opened in Canada. Much has been effected in this instance by Mr. Logan, the Government Geological and Mineralogical Surveyor, and the result augurs most favourably for us in 1851.—

"The preparatory exhibition of raw materials and industrial products at Montreal has set all Canada moving. Not fewer than 15,000 tickets for the Exhibition were sold in one day. Strangers from all corners of the province literally swarmed at Montreal. There was neither spare room nor bed to be met with in the city, and from morning to night, the week through, there was nothing but exhibition horse races, exhibition boat races, exhibition civic dinners, exhibition mechanics' dinners, exhibition addresses, bazaars, gymnastics, and fireworks. The various articles filled two huge, tastefully-decorated rooms. The furniture, especially some of highly-polished black walnut, machinery, mechanism, wheat, Indian corn, beef, pork, hams, tongues, butter, cheese, sugar, molasses, honey; huge pumpkins, as much as 200lb. in weight; a veneer of bird's-eye maple, 100 feet long, sawn from a single log; leather made from porpoise skins—soft, fine, and durable as calf; and oil, not much less bright than sperm, from the same odd, and in those parts, multitudinous fish, were amongst the best and strangest items of the Exhibition. But there were also cottons, linens, woollens, hardware, crockery, cutlery, and a whole host of articles, not equal to those of English make, but more and better than in England we give Canada credit for, and such as to prove that the colonists have not forgotten the crafts of their mother country, and are not likely long to leave the resources of their adopted land undeveloped."

From the same quarter we learn that a company is forming in the United States, who propose to convey passengers to and from the States, pay for board and lodgings for six weeks, for a sum not exceeding 21l.

We learn that the constitution of the Juries to whom will be entrusted the awarding of the prizes to exhibitors, is submitted, as a preliminary measure, to the care of Dr. Lyon Playfair, who is to bring the matter under the consideration of the several local committees in whom the election of the judges will ultimately be invested. On this very important matter we shall have some remarks to offer, but, whatever plan may be adopted, we hope it will be on the most broad and open principle, the names of the judges in every department being published as early as possible; and that every

individual member of these juries will act *sans peur*, and then we are satisfied that, notwithstanding many disappointments, they will feel that they stand before the world *sans reproche*.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### GEOLICAL SOCIETY.

In our report last week of Sir Roderick Murchison's memoir on the Crystalline Schists of the Forez, a trifling misprint occurs, involving an important error. Instead of "the *other* discovered organic remains," it should have been, "the *author* discovered organic remains." No organic remains had been found hitherto in these schists, and the value of Sir Roderick's discovery consisted in his being enabled by these fossils to refer to the carboniferous age, a deposit which was before assigned, from its physical aspect, to a much older period.

##### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

November 12th.—William Yarrell, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair.—The scientific session of this Society was opened with an unusually full attendance of members, considerable interest having been excited by the announcement that Professor Owen and Dr. Mantell would communicate some further discoveries in reference to the wingless birds of New Zealand.

1. "On the Skull of the Great *Dinornis*," by Professor Owen, LL.D., V.P.R.S., &c.—This communication is the fifth of the series of memoirs devoted to the reconstruction and introduction into the annals of zoological science of the great wingless birds which formerly inhabited the islands of New Zealand. The subjects of the memoir had been transmitted to the author by Sir George Grey, Governor-in-Chief of New Zealand, who had discovered them in a cave near the base of the great volcanic mountain Tongariro.

After a minute description of the fossil cranium, which was remarkable for the strength of the broad deflected beak, the author next drew attention to a more mutilated cranium of nearly equal size, which, from the sutures, he inferred to belong to a young individual of the largest species, *Dinornis giganteus*. The more perfect skull belonged, probably, to the species next in point of size, which had been called *D. ingens*. The crania of two smaller species of *Palapteryx* were then described, and the size and shape of the brain were shown by sections of the cranial cavity. An entire cranium of the *Notornis* was exhibited, in which the author pointed out those parts that were defective in the fragmentary specimen, from which the nature and affinities of the *Notornis* as a large species of Coot, or Water-Rail, had been originally deduced. A fragment of a humerus of diminutive size was finally described, that being the first evidence of the rudimentary wings of the *Dinornis* that had yet reached Europe, notwithstanding the number of collections of the remains of the great extinct birds of New Zealand that have from time to time been transmitted from that colony, since the attention of the settlers was first called to them in 1839.

2. "Notice of the discovery, by Mr. Walter Mantell, in the Middle Island of New Zealand, of a living specimen of *Notornis*, a bird of the Rail family, allied to *Brachypteryx*, and hitherto unknown to naturalists, except in a fossil state," by Gideon Algernon Mantell, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S. The author describes the circumstances under which the fossil remains of the then supposed extinct Rail, named *Notornis* by Professor Owen, consisting of the skull and beak, humerus, sternum, &c., were discovered by his son in the deposit containing bones of several genera and species of the *Dinornis*, *Palapteryx*, &c., at Waingongoro, on the west coast of the north island of New Zealand, in 1847. These reliques are now in the British Museum. The Maoris, or natives, informed Mr. Walter Mantell that there formerly existed a large bird, resembling the Swamp-Hen, which was a favourite article of food with their

ancestors, but had gradually become scarce, and was finally exterminated by the wild cats and dogs, which are now the great pest of the colony. This bird was called Moho, or Takahé, and was of a black colour, destitute of wings, and had a long bill, which, as well as the legs, was of a bright red colour. No traces of the "Moho" had been discovered since the arrival of any of the English colonists. Towards the close of last year, on Mr. Walter Mantell's second visit to the south of Otago, he obtained from some sealers the recent bird now exhibited. It appeared that the men frequenting the south-west extremity of the Middle Island observed foot-tracks of a large and unknown bird on the snow which then thickly covered the ground, and on pursuing the trail they caught sight of the bird, which fled with great rapidity, but was at length driven up a gully behind Resolution Island, and captured alive by their dogs. They kept it on board the schooner two or three days, and then killed it and roasted the body, which was esteemed a great delicacy; the skin, which is in excellent condition, was fortunately obtained by Mr. Walter Mantell, and thus the, perhaps, only remaining individual of this remarkable genus was procured for the examination of the ornithologist. Its identity with the fossil *Notornis Mantelli* is evident: its powerful but short beak, and its abbreviated wings, are in accordance with the indications of the fossil cranium, sternum, and humerus. This bird is about two feet high; the beaks are short and very strong, the wings short and rounded, and their plumage feeble; the legs are very strong. The colour of the plumage is a dark purple over the neck and body, and shaded with green and gold on the wings and back, the tail is very scanty, and is white beneath. The author dwelt on the interest attached to this discovery, from the remains of the *Notornis* having been found associated with those of the *Dinornis*, under circumstances which left no doubt of these genera having been contemporaneous; thus confirming the inferences stated in his memoirs on the ossiferous deposit of New Zealand, read before the Geological Society, that the gigantic wingless birds were coeval with existing species, and that their final extinction took place at no very distant period; there are good reasons for concluding that the native traditions, as to the Moa having lived when their ancestors first took possession of those islands, are well founded. Mr. Walter Mantell, at the date of the last advices from New Zealand, was about to depart on another exploration of the bone deposits, in the hope of obtaining additional materials for the history of the extinct and living birds of those islands.

The finest specimen of *Apteryx Australis* hitherto seen, and a *Strigops*, or Ground Parrot, also an extremely rare bird, peculiar to New Zealand, sent over by Mr. Walter Mantell, were likewise exhibited: also *Apteryx Owenii*, which is now, for the first time, added to the British Museum. Panoramic sketches of the Middle Island of New Zealand, drawn by Mr. W. Mantell, were suspended in the room.

Mr. Gould, to whom Dr. Mantell had lent this unique specimen of *Notornis* for description and illustration in his "Birds of Australia," then pointed out its ornithological characters, which he considered to be allied to those of *Porphyrio* and *Tribonyx*, though generically distinct from either. He dwelt on the high interest of this living example of a type of *Rallidae*, only known hitherto by a few osteological fragments in a semi-fossilized state, and remarked that, but for this discovery, the bird would soon probably have become, like the Dodo, all but traditional.

In the discussion which followed the reading of these memoirs, Professor Owen availed himself of the opportunity of replying to a question which was frequently put to him, as to whether the comparatively small *Apteryx*, *Notornis*, and similar existing birds, might not be the degenerate descendants of the gigantic extinct species; and when the general results of the restoration of extinct species, and their

relations to existing species of the different continents and islands of the globe, are first received, they commonly suggest the idea that the races of animals have deteriorated in respect of size. The more striking phenomena first and most strongly impress the mind, which contrasts, for example, the great Cave-Bear of Europe with the actual Brown Bear, the *Megatherioids* of South America with the small existing Sloths, and the gigantic *Glyptodon* with the Armadillos. The huge *Diprotodon* and *Nototherium* suggest a similar contrast with the Kangaroos of Australia; and the towering *Dinornis* and *Palapteryx* with the humble *Apteryx* of New Zealand. But the comparatively diminutive animals of South America, Australia, and New Zealand, that form the nearest allies of the gigantic extinct species respectively characteristic of such tracts of dry land, are specifically if not genetically distinct from them, nor have such small species been more recently introduced. In England, for example, our Moles, Water-voles, Hares, Weasels, Stoats, Badgers and Foxes, are of the same species as those that existed when the Hippopotamus swam the rivers, the Hyæna, Bear and Lion lurked in the caves, and the Rhinoceros and Elephant trod the land. So likewise the remains of small Sloths and Armadillos are found associated with the *Megatherium* and *Glyptodon* in South America; and the fossil remains of species as diminutive as the present Kangaroos and Dasyures occur abundantly in Australia with those of herbivorous *Marsupials* as large as Tapirs and Rhinoceroses, and of carnivorous *Marsupials* as large as the Lion or Tiger. So likewise in New Zealand we find that the small *Apteryx* has co-existed with the great *Dinornis* and *Palapteryx*.

There was not a particle of evidence that any species of bird or beast that lived during the pliocene period had had its character modified in any respect by the influence of time or of change of external influences. In proportion to its bulk is the difficulty of the contest, which, as a living organised whole, the individual of such species has to maintain against the surrounding agencies that are ever tending to dissolve the vital bond, and subjugate the living matter to the ordinary chemical and physical forces. Any changes, therefore, in such external agencies as a species may have been originally adapted to exist in, will militate against that existence in a degree proportionate, perhaps, in a geometrical ratio, to the bulk of the species. If a dry season be gradually prolonged, the large *Mammal* will suffer from the drought sooner than the small one: if such alteration of climate affect the quantity of vegetable food, the bulky *Herbivore* will first feel the effects of stinted nourishment: if new enemies are introduced, the large and conspicuous quadruped or bird will fall a prey, whilst the smaller species conceal themselves and escape. Smaller animals are usually, also, more prolific than larger ones.

The actual presence, therefore, of small species of animals in countries where larger species of the same natural families formerly existed, is not the consequence of any gradual diminution of the size of such species, but is the result of circumstances which may be illustrated by the fable of "the oak and the reed." The smaller and feebler animals have bent and accommodated themselves to changes which have destroyed the larger species. We find, nevertheless, that the same peculiar forms or families of animals exist, and characterize particular portions of dry land, such, e. g., as South America, Australia, and New Zealand, at the present day, as at a period long antecedent to human history or existence; and although many species have perished, there has been no general sweeping away of the peculiar aboriginal land animals of those continents or islands. But just as the smaller Sloths and Armadillos still linger in South America, so the smaller Kangaroos, Wombats, Dasyures, and other *Marsupials* have continued to exist in Australia, and a few species of the comparatively diminutive wingless birds of the genera *Apteryx* and *Brachypteryx* still exist in the island, where their peculiar families

were once much more richly represented, and by species on a far larger scale.

3. On three new species of Birds from the North Coast of Australia, by John Gould, Esq., F.R.S. One is allied to *Eurylaimus* and *Todus*; the second is a species of *Malurus*, and the third is a *Ptilotis*, discovered by the late Captain Owen Stanley, of Her Majesty's ship *Rattlesnake*, at the above-named locality, and presented to the Society.

#### ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 4th.—Mr. G. R. Waterhouse, President, in the Chair.—New members were elected. Mr. Westwood mentioned that M. Guérin had observed that the structure of the blood in diseased silkworms was found, when viewed under microscopes of high powers, to be considerably altered. The small granules, which in the healthy blood were found to be oval or round, in the diseased blood became elongated, and then branched, thus apparently turning from an animal into the vegetable substance known as muscardine.

Mr. Shepherd exhibited an hermaphrodite *Nona-gria Canne*, of which, however, both the antennæ were male. Mr. S. Stevens exhibited some cocoons of a *Bombyx* from Columbia, in each of three of which he had found two pupæ; he also exhibited the four new species of Australian Coleoptera—*Clytus bicinctus*, *Saperda bilobata*, *Cerambyx subsericeus*, and *Agasma semicrudum*, described by Mr. Newmann in the *Zoologist*. Mr. Stephens also exhibited some specimens of insect economy brought from South Australia by Mr. Mossman. Mr. J. F. Stephens exhibited specimens from Scotland of *Dictyoptera Aurora*, a beetle new to Britain, and *Tinea ochraceella*, of *Tengström*—the latter species had been found by Mr. Weaver in ants' nests. Mr. Bond exhibited some rare Lepidoptera he had taken at Ventnor in August, including *Agrotis lunigera*, *Catoptria pupillana*, *Depressaria caprella*, *rotundella*, *Douglasella nanatella*, and *pallorella*. The President exhibited, on behalf of Mr. G. Ransome, a very fine *Deilephila Celerio*, recently taken at Ipswich. Mr. W. F. Evans exhibited four specimens of a *Culex* which had accidentally been enclosed in a letter received from Commander Pullen, dated Great Slave Lake, June 28th, 1850, in latitude 61°. The great abundance and intolerable annoyance of these little pests in high latitudes had been mentioned by Sir G. Back in his account of the Arctic Land Expedition in 1833, and by Sir John Franklin in his account of his journey to the Polar Sea in 1819-22.

Several other interesting botanical papers were read.

#### AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

At a meeting held at Newhaven, in the United States, in August 1850, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:\*

Resolved—That in the foundation and maintenance of numerous Magnetical and Meteorological Observations, the British Government have evinced an appreciation of the claims of science, and a readiness to contribute liberally to its support, which challenge the admiration and demand the hearty acknowledgment of the scientific world.

Resolved—That the experiments which are now in progress at the Toronto Observatory, to test the practicability of self-registering photographic methods, the system of concerted auroral observations recently organized by Captain Lefroy, and the peculiar interest attached to magnetic observations made near the focus of maximum intensity, render it highly desirable that the Toronto Observatory should be continued in activity for a somewhat longer period.

And inasmuch as a very extensive series of meteor-

\* As it must be some time before these resolutions can reach this country in a formal manner through the American Ambassador, we have great pleasure in making them generally known to the public, and especially to the scientific, who feel so much interest in the subject.—ED. L. G.

ological observations, embracing the entire area of the United States, is now in progress of organization by the Smithsonian Institution, and it would add exceedingly to the value of the proposed observations if simultaneous ones could be obtained from the region north of the United States, extending even to the shores of Hudson's Bay and the coast of Labrador; therefore,

Resolved—That the British Government and the Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company be invited to co-operate with the observers in the United States in united and systematic meteorological inquiries.

#### NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At the request of one of the members of the Society, the Rev. W. Walker, of the Gaboon Mission, who was present, gave a description of a very singular variety of the Simia tribe, found in the neighbourhood of the mission, of which he had seen two specimens, a young male, four feet in height, and a female, nearly full grown, five feet high. The arms of the latter extended to six feet eight inches, not owing to any extraordinary length of the arms, which measure about the same as those of a man, but to the enormous breadth of the shoulders. He should judge that a full grown male would be at least six feet in height; and he had been informed that they have on the top of the head a crest, about an inch and a half high, running over the centre of the skull from the front to the back, and this is furnished with hairs about eight inches long, which are erected when the creature is enraged. It does not so closely resemble the human being in form as the Chimpanzee, and its mode of locomotion is on all fours; but from its immense muscular strength and ferocious disposition, it must prove a most formidable assailant to a man, unless provided with firearms. Mr. Walker has taken the body of the female to America.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Nor. 13th.—Mr. Paxton read a paper "On the Origin and Details of the Construction of the Building for the Exhibition of 1851," of which our space will only permit us to give a summary. "The great Industrial building was not the production of a momentary consideration. Its peculiar construction is the result of much experience in the erection of buildings of a similar kind, although on a smaller scale. In 1828 the various forcing-houses at Chatsworth were formed of coarse thick glass and heavy woodwork, which rendered the roofs dark and gloomy. My first object was to remove this evil. I lightened the rafters and sashbars, by bevelling off their sides. I also contrived a light sashbar having a groove for the reception of the glass; this groove prevented the displacement of the putty by the sun, frost, and rain. In the construction of glass houses requiring much light there appeared this objection:—In plain lean-to roofs, the morning and evening sun, which is of the greatest importance to forcing fruits, presented its direct rays at a low angle, and consequently very obliquely to the glass. At those periods most of the rays of light and heat were obstructed by the position of the glass and heavy rafters. This led me to the adoption of the ridge and furrow principle, which places the glass in such a position that the rays of light in the mornings and evenings enter the house without obstruction, and present themselves more perpendicularly to the glass when the least powerful, and more obliquely when most powerful. In 1834 I resolved to try a further experiment on the ridge and furrow principle, in the construction of a greenhouse of considerable dimensions, which answers admirably. I made a still lighter sashbar than any previously used; on which account the house, (although possessing all the advantages of wood,) was as light as if constructed of metal. The house presents a neat and light appearance, and while it makes an admirable greenhouse, is also an economical building, for, notwithstanding

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the heavy tax on glass (since removed), it only cost at the rate of 2d. and a fraction per cubic foot. Having in contemplation the erection of the great conservatory, it was determined in 1836 to erect a new curvilinear hothouse, 60 feet in length and 26 feet in width, with the elliptical roof on the ridge and furrow principle, to be constructed entirely of wood. The plan adopted was this,—the curved rafters were composed of several boards securely nailed together on templets of wood cut to the exact curve; by this means a strength and firmness was obtained sufficient to support an enormous weight. (Mr. Paxton here exhibited one of the large leaves of the Victoria Regia, and continued):

—You will observe that nature was the engineer in this case. If you compare this with the drawings and models, you will perceive that nature has provided it with longitudinal and transverse girders and supporters, on the same principle that I, borrowing from it, have adopted in this building. In 1837, in constructing the great conservatory, it was found desirable to contrive some means for abridging the manual labour required in making the immense number of sash-bars requisite. The only apparatus met with was a grooving machine, which was subsequently so improved as to make the sash-bar complete. For this apparatus the Society of Arts awarded me a medal, and this machine is the type from which all the sash-bar machines now used are taken. The machine saved in expense 1,400*l.* The length of each of the bars is 48 inches, only one inch shorter than those of the Exhibition building. The glass and glazing caused me considerable thought, as I was desirous to do away with the overlaps connected with the old system of glazing with short lengths, and I heard that Messrs. Chance had just introduced the manufacture of sheet glass. The glass for the Exhibition building is 49 inches long—a size which no country except England is able to furnish in any large quantity. It became a question how far an extensive structure might be covered in with flat ridge and furrow roofs; that is, the ridge and valley rafters placed on a level, instead of at an inclination, as in the greenhouse, or curvilinear, as in the great conservatory. I felt assured, not only that it could be done satisfactorily, but that the most appropriate manner to form and support level glass roofs was that adopted this year for the new Victoria Regia-house at Chatsworth, which may be considered a miniature type of the great building. This house is 60 feet 6 inches in length, and 46 feet 9 inches in breadth. The principle on which it is constructed is the same as the great building, and may be carried out to an almost unlimited extent. It was so built as to retain as much moisture and heat as possible, and yet to afford a strong and bright light at all seasons; whilst the Industrial building, being intended to accommodate a daily assemblage of many thousands, and a vast number of natural and mechanical productions, many of which would be destroyed by moisture and heat, is constructed so as to answer that end. My reasons for offering a design for this building were these:—Many reasons were urged and published in the daily papers against the propriety of erecting a large building of bricks and mortar in Hyde Park. I was at once convinced that the least objectionable structure would be of cast iron and glass; whilst a building of this description would be the best adapted for the Exhibition. The time for receiving designs had expired; but, from having the whole matter already digested, and the system of ridge and furrow flat roofs so impressed on my mind, it only required the adaptation of the principle on a large scale. I submitted my plans to the Building Committee, and then to the Royal Commissioners. Mr. Scott Russell showed them to the late lamented Sir Robert Peel—that great statesman approved the general features of the building. The building was planned, first, with consideration as to its fitness for the object in view; secondly, its suitability for the site proposed to be occupied; and, lastly, with a view to its permanence as a

winter garden, or vast horticultural structure, or a building which might be again used for a similar exhibition. One great feature is, that not a vestige of either stone, brick, or mortar is used, the whole is composed of dry material, ready for the introduction of articles for the exhibition. By the absence of any moist material, together with the provision made for the vapours which will necessarily arise, the exhibitor is enabled at once to place his manufactures, without the articles, even of polished ware, being tarnished by exposure. It is unnecessary to cut down any of the large timber trees, provision being made, by means of a curvilinear roof over the transept of the building, for them to stand beneath the glass, and, by a proper diffusion of air, they will not suffer by the enclosure. (Mr. Paxton here described the plans of the building, exhibited upon the walls of the room.) The height of the centre aisle is 64 feet, the side aisles 44 feet, and the outside aisles, or first story, 24 feet. The transept is 108 feet in height, and has been covered with a semi-circular roof, like that of the great conservatory at Chatsworth, in order to preserve the large elm trees. The whole number of cast-iron columns is 3,300, varying from 14 feet 6 inches to 20 feet in length. There are 2224 cast and wrought-iron girders, with 1128 intermediate bearers, for supporting the floors of the galleries over the large openings of the aisles. The girders are of wrought, and those of the galleries of cast iron. The fronts of the galleries are supported by cast-iron girders. The dimensions of the building are 1851 feet in length, and 456 feet in breadth in the widest part. It covers more than 18 acres, and the whole is supported on cast-iron pillars, united by bolts and nuts fixed to flanges turned perfectly true, and resting on concrete foundations. The cubic contents of the building are 33,000,000 feet. The six longitudinal galleries, 24 feet in width, running the whole length of the building, and the four transverse ones, of the same dimensions, afford 25 per cent. additional exhibiting surface to that provided on the ground-floor. This extra space is suited for the display of light manufactured goods, and will also give a complete view of the whole of the articles exhibited, together with an extensive view of the interior of the building. The roof is built on the ridge and furrow principle, and glazed with British sheet glass. The rafters are continued in uninterrupted lines the whole length of the building. The transept portion, although covered by a semi-circular roof, is also on the angular principle. All the roof and upright sashes being made by machinery, are put together and glazed with great rapidity, for, being fitted and finished before they are brought to the place, little more is required than to fix the finished materials in the positions intended for them. The length of sash-bar is 205 miles. The quantity of glass is about 900,000 feet, weighing 400 tons. All round the lower tier will be boardled. I have tried many experiments in order to find the most suitable floors for the pathways of horticultural structures. Stone is objectionable on account of the moisture which it retains, the difficulty of getting rid of the waste from the watering of plants, and the amount of dust from sweeping, which proves detrimental to plants. I likewise found that close boarding was open to many of the same objections. These objections led me to the adoption of trellised wooden pathways, with spaces between each board, through which, on sweeping, the dust at once disappears, and falls into the vacuity below. Whilst the accomplishment of this point was important in plant-houses, I consider it doubly so with respect to the Industrial building, where there will be such an accumulation of articles of delicate texture and workmanship. This method of flooring is very economical, dry, clean, pleasant to walk upon, admits of the dust falling through the spaces; and, when it requires to be washed, the water disappears betwixt the openings, and the boards become almost immediately fit for visitors. The galleries will be laid with close boarding. The

ventilation of the building has been carefully considered. Four feet round the whole of the basement is made of louvre-boarding; and at the top of each tier a similar provision of three feet is made. Louvre boards are simple in construction, can be opened and closed instantaneously, they distribute the air, and yet admit a large volume of it; and, from the manner in which they are placed, effectively prevent the entrance of wet. In order to subdue the intense light, all the south side, and the whole of the angled roof, will be covered outside with canvas or calico, so fixed as to allow a current of air to pass between. In very hot weather water may be poured on, which will very much assist in cooling the temperature. From the side galleries there will be grand views of the goods and visitors below, whilst the transverse galleries in the middle and at the ends will afford ample means for general supervision. Magnifying glasses, working on swivels, will give additional facility for commanding a more perfect general view. After the exhibition, I would convert the building into a permanent winter garden, and would make carriage drives and equestrian promenades through it. A structure where the industry of all nations is intended to be exhibited, should present a building for the exhibition of their arts and manufactures, that, while it affords ample accommodation, would, of itself, be the most peculiar feature of the exhibition. The construction does not offer a subject that requires me to dwell longer upon. The section of one part shows the whole; it is only by the multiplication of these parts that the stupendous structure is extended. When I consider the cheapness of glass and cast-iron, and the facility with which they can be used; and that wherever lead is now used glass may be substituted, I have every hope that it will be used for buildings of various conditions and characters. Structures of this kind are susceptible of the highest kind of ornamentation in stained glass and general painting. I am not without hope, however, that it will become almost universal in its use, and that the system will be extended for manufacturing purposes, general cemeteries, and horticultural buildings, so that even market-gardeners will advantageously apply it in the growing of foreign fruit for the London markets. I even indulge in the hope that agriculture will be ultimately benefited by the application of cast-iron and glass. In short, there is no limit to the uses to which it may be applied—no foresight can define the limits where it will end; and we may congratulate ourselves that the progress of science and the spirit of manufacturers have placed at our disposal the application of materials which were unknown to the ancients, and enabled us to erect such structures as would have been deemed impossible even in the early part of the present century.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Nov. 7th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelors in Divinity.*—F. M. Knollis, T. Pearce, Fellows of Magdalen.

*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. A. B. Smyth, Grand Compounder; Rev. S. Baker, Rev. R. W. Plumptre, G. O. Morgan, Stowell Law Fellow of University; Rev. C. Spackman, New Inn Hall; Rev. M. W. Pittman, Queen's, E. F. S. Pigott, A. C. Irvine, Balliol; Rev. W. P. Fyc, Trinity.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—J. F. F. Amery, New Inn Hall; T. Chambers, Magdalen Hall; J. E. Alcock, Lincoln; T. J. Oldini, Queen's; A. C. Sims, J. J. H. Morrison, Worcester; W. J. Marshall, Exeter; J. Ormond, Pembroke; G. Lovelady, F. H. Colliwell, J. W. Cobb, R. G. Buckton, N. C. Curzon, Brasenose; W. H. Marvin, St. John's; W. T. Clarke, University; E. R. Johnson, V. Blake, Wadham; J. E. Anderson, Balliol; J. Conner, St. Mary Hall; A. Bayley, Oriel; T. W. Biddulph, Trinity.

CAMBRIDGE.—*The Scanticus Prize*, given annually under the will of Mr. Seaton, for the best English Poem on a sacred subject, has been adjudged to the Rev. George Birch, M.A., of Christ's College. Subject—“Nineveh.”

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At the First Meeting of the season, on Thursday the 14th, Mr. Jordam, Senior Member of the Council present, in the Chair, Major Rawlinson and Mr. Na-

thaniel Gould were admitted Members, and several new Candidates were proposed. Mr. Birch read a very interesting translation of an Egyptian tablet near Karnac, which introduced some quite new matter into the mythology and history of that ancient country; and of which we trust to be able to give a full report in a succeeding *Gazette*.

#### ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society held its first meeting of the Session, on which occasion the President, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, took the chair. After a short but appropriate address from the President, and the transaction of the ordinary business of the Society, the paper for the evening, "On the Chinese," by Dr. William Camps, was read by the author, who stated, that as the object was to treat, not of place, but of the people, he would not do more than refer to the geography of China, confining the attention of the meeting to the inhabitants of this large empire. The chief points dwelt upon at length were the following:—

1. The Anatomical Characters and Physical Constitution of the Chinese.
2. Their History.
3. Their Religion and Modes of Worship.
4. Their Philosophy, as contained in the Classical Books attributed to Confucius, &c.
5. Their Language, oral and written, making especial reference under this head to the language of the Manchus, that of the present reigning family of the Celestial Empire.
6. Their Literature.
7. Their Social and Political Institutions, including some brief account of the mental and moral faculties and habits of this large section of the human race.

An animated discussion followed, in which two Chinese gentlemen, dressed in the costume of their country, took part. An English gentleman, who had travelled in China, and had resided some time in that country, also imparted considerable information on the subject. In addition to a full attendance of the Fellows of the Society, there were many English and foreign visitors present.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

**Monday.**—Statistical, 8 p.m.—British Architects, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.

**Tuesday.**—Linnean, 8 p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—Pathological, 8 p.m.

**Wednesday.**—Geological, 8 p.m.—(On the Occurrence of an Earthquake at Brusca.—Joshua Trimmer, Esq., F.G.S., on the Drift of Norfolk; and on the Drift of a Part of Kent.—Captain L. Brickett, F.G.S., on the Boulder Clay in the Limestone Quarry at Linksfield, Elgin.)—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.

**Thursday.**—Royal, 8½ p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.

**Friday.**—Philological, 8 p.m.

**Saturday.**—Royal Botanic, 3½ p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.

#### ARCHÆOLOGY.

##### THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

AT the first ordinary meeting for the session, held on the 1st inst., Mr. Edward Hawkins in the chair, several communications were read; one from Mr. Birch, on an ebony Stud and Plinth brought from Egypt by the Marquis of Northampton, bearing the name of Amenophis the Third and his daughter, a queen, and supposed to have been part of the inlaying and fastening of a box. Wherever the name of this king appears on the monuments in Egypt, it has been very carefully obliterated, and on the stud and plinth in question both his name and that of his daughter had shared the same fate, probably owing to the religious animosity that prevailed in Egypt after his death between the *Aten*, or 'disk' worshippers, and those of the older religion of *Ammon*. Mr. Birch also pointed out that this plinth showed that Amenophis the Third associated with himself in the empire a princess, the daughter of himself and the Queen *Taita*, probably the so-called Princess *Amen-si*, a new fact in Egyptian history. On the table were displayed beautiful and curious works of ancient and mediæval art.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.—WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

IT is impossible for even the most conceited of mankind to suppose they can be first and foremost in everything. If two persons ride on the same horse one of them must ride behind. In the spirit of the one behind, the *Athenaeum* has been pleased to lecture "a contemporary publication," for possessing a novelty of information, just as if that were a novelty, and thereupon, as usual, to trumpet its own merits. Under the appropriate title of "Fine Art Gossip," it says, "We have refrained, as is our rule [a rule broken every week!], from all speculation as to the person whom the Royal Academicians might be likely to elect as successor to the late Sir M. A. Shee, in the office of their President,—not because we were not tolerably well informed on the subject [certainly not! who could have supposed it?], but because such speculation is apt to wear the indelicate character of dictation; and because we think it well to treat our readers not to speculations in such matters, but to facts. It has been amusing to see a contemporary publication, which acts on a different principle, putting forward at different times *pretty nearly the whole circle of surviving Academicians*, as probable parties for the Presidency, thereby, so far as the information of its readers are [in grammar, information ought to be governed by is] concerned, leaving the question finally pretty much where it was when the journal took it up,—and making sure of being right with one name if it should be wrong with thirty-five. However, the election has now become a fact, and we may announce that on Monday evening last Mr. Eastlake became President of the Royal Academy."

In defence of our "indelicacy," the *Literary Gazette* being evidently the "contemporary" referred to, we confess to the offence of affording the public the best intelligence to be had on a matter of much interest; and also to state our opinion that if we always waited for such "facts," as our consumers says it does, we fancy we should have but a very brief and barren sheet at any time to present to our readers. The assertion is simply nonsense, disproved by every number of every useful periodical in existence. And then, as regards the sort of "facts" in which alone our critical deals; there is a capital specimen in the lines we have quoted, asserting that we had put forward "pretty nearly the whole circle of surviving Academicians" as probable parties for the Presidency. Now, precisely as eight is to forty, is this fact equal to the truth; or, in other words, *one-fifth is pretty nearly the whole!* On the 7th of September we mentioned eight names as spoken of as prominently eligible for this distinction, and congratulated the Academy on having such a body to choose from. On the 28th we "indelicately speculated," it seems, on the actual fact that Sir R. Westmacott was offered the support of a large majority, but declined standing, on account of the labour, and his desire that his later years should be spent in greater freedom and repose. It having been endeavoured to overcome his resistance, we mentioned, Oct. 26th, that he had adhered to his resolution—and added,

\* The Egoism, if the first person can be applied to these plurals, is a wonderfully distinguishing feature in the everlasting dogmatism of our critics. Within nineteen lines of his notice of Sir F. Head's book, we could not help being struck by the number of these oracular, and counted eleven of them!—"We entirely refuse our assent to a considerable part of Sir Francis Head's doctrine, we think his premises unsound and his facts erroneous and inaccurate; but we cannot permit ourselves to say that his fears are totally without foundation—that his warnings are altogether unreasonable—or that at the bottom of the exaggeration and excitement which he seeks to countenance and produce there is not real cause for apprehension. We do not think that a declaration of this nature will bring on us the censure of the true and judicious promoters of peace. Our sentiments on behalf of every measure which promises even in the most remote manner to prevent the catastrophe of war are not of recent date, and have been declared on too many occasions not to be well known. But we must seek peace as we seek every other great moral reform, by adapting our measures," &c. &c. In the column hostile to Mr. Grundy there are thirty-nine "we's" and "ours," and if you understand them, the spotted appearance of the printing is most laughable.

"Mr. Eastlake, therefore, as we stated, is the favourite for election, and sure of success." Nov. 2nd, we repeated, "Mr. Eastlake will be elected President," and last week, Nov. 9th, we had the pleasure to confirm all our previous announcements thus:—"On Monday, as we anticipated in our several preceding notices, Mr. Eastlake was elected President, 28 votes being recorded, of 30 Academicians present, in his favour."\*

Now, we forgive our contemporary for being all this while delicately mute; but why designate as "speculations" the true and entire history, confirmed by the result of the proceedings of the Royal Academy, at a period when these proceedings have more important bearings upon the condition and prospects of the Fine Arts in England than ever they had before?

It would not be pleasant to our volunteer censor on this occasion, if we chose to answer it by a copious illustration of its *pseudo* facts, abstaining from speculation, and unquestionable rectitude. But there happens to be upon the *tapis* at this very moment one of those disputatious affairs so common with our always correct contemporary, and so rare with the *Literary Gazette*, on which we will add a few remarks, as context to our own defence and specimen of its mode of dealing with the public. Last year Mr. Grundy, of Regent-street, set the example of a New Exhibition *during the winter*, for the sale of works by British artists. This very laudable and useful design, approved of by, and beneficial to, deserving artists, was warmly commended by the press in general, by us, and by our contemporary. Thus encouraged, Mr. Grundy, of course, prepared to continue his plan this winter, and advertised it accordingly on the 1st and 4th of October; and on the 12th several weekly journals announced a competing exhibition, "under the auspices of some well-known amateurs," so formed at that date as to be only very imperfectly described. Well, then, at this time the matter was a *speculation*, not a *fact*, and yet our *factious* bragger enters into it with great gusto, and gives Mr. Grundy a *coup-de-grace* for standing in the way of the *speed* it pleased to patronize. On the 26th of October his announcement of a second Winter Exhibition is declared to be "too late in the field"; that is to say, being advertised a week, and nearly a fortnight, before the rival Exhibition was publicly mentioned, and longer before it was matured. A more unjustifiable partizan attack could not have been made on fair and well justified individual enterprise. And how is it sustained? By *facts*? No, for none had occurred; the egg was unhatched, the project was *being* brought forward; but by speculating, most indelicately, against Mr. Grundy, on the "generous communication between the artist and his patron," and the proposed absence of the charge of per centage, which "must be fatal to his scheme!" As Froth says, "Here I hope be truths," i. e., "facts," that are to be!

Upon this run against him, Mr. Grundy appeals and writes a letter to his assailants, defending himself, and referring to the dates and other particulars which we have concisely put together. One would think that a sense of common justice would have admitted this remonstrance—even if worded in a way that we might not approve, either as imputing improper motives to the attacking organ or suspicions to the new concern—but instead of this, we have as nice a little bit of jesuitry as can be imagined. Without printing the letter, (as Mr. G. has done,) it is ridiculed as so absurd that the respondents, with great pains, could not "arrive at its meaning;" whereas there is not a syllable of it not perfectly plain and intelligible!

\* It was much the same when we stated that the execution of the Peel Memorial, Westminster Abbey, had been assigned to an individual. Our contemporaries denied the fact, and in a fortnight after was abusing Lord John Russell for committing the wrong!

† On the 19th, No. 1761, p. 780, the *Literary Gazette* copied the notice from the *Builder* of the preceding Saturday.

Then Mr. G.'s statement is forbidden because "he must understand that we give no admission to paragraphs which insinuate *improper motives* against *Us* [as if they had not against him] in the discharge of our function." But it is liberally added, "Mr. Grundy nevertheless shall not be deprived of the explanation which he requires—though not sought in terms which could claim to command it." And so, instead of putting the matter in *his* way, they put it in *theirs*, and refute it triumphantly!! They prove that he was too late by being first both last year and this; that the "fact" of the projectors not intending to charge commission settles his *status quo*; and that they "greatly doubt (another fact!) his getting any more cakes and ale in the face of an Association thus virtuous." It is further insinuated that Artists might have to wait for their money in the one case and not in the other; in short, if the writer were the Director of the New Company he could not be more prodigal of "facts" after his own peculiar fashion!

It can hardly be necessary to add that we know nothing of the compenency of the New Society, and can only most cordially desire its success, and endeavour to promote it, if in working out its plan it promotes the welfare of our artists and the advance of our Arts. No names of Secretary, Treasurer, or Guarantees of any sort have been published, and the support of it is as purely and entirely a speculation beforehand, and not a fact, as it is possible for common sense to conceive. We did see much good effected by Mr. Grundy's neither selfish nor over-reaching Exhibition of last year—pictures sold, and artists well satisfied; and we cannot but consider the attack upon him and his praiseworthy Gallery, as a piece of party tactics and unprovoked and undeserved hostility. It is in essence the same shuffle as in our own instance about the Royal Academy; and, to our mind, ought not to pass, through presumption and boasting, unexposed and unreprehended.

#### THE NELSON COLUMN.

ANOTHER of the compartments at the base of the column has been supplied with its bas-relief, from the *atelier* of Mr. Ternouth. The subject is admirably chosen, as representing one of the most remarkable and high characteristics of our great naval hero—consummate coolness and judgment in the midst of surrounding cannonading and slaughter. Standing in the centre of a group of officers and sailors, with his only remaining arm, he is sealing the letter to the authorities of Copenhagen, dictating his ultimatum. An apt writing-table is a large gun, and sailors stand by holding a lantern. Some groups of wounded are shouting victory, and the praise of their adored commander, as they die.

Without any attempt at 'the grand,' we think the sculptor has succeeded in his endeavour to add a lasting description of one of Nelson's greatest and boldest achievements to the national monument.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Wednesday.

MR. PRESIDENT BONAPARTE in his annual Message to the National Assembly, presented yesterday, makes an announcement which will be received with the liveliest pleasure by the literary and publishing circles of all countries. It is that the French government has proposed to the different Cabinets international relations for putting an end to the long tolerated abuse of literary and artistic piracy—that these propositions have been favourably received, in principle, by most of the Cabinets—and that between France and Sardinia, a treaty has already been signed for the mutual protection of both these species of property. Bravo, Mr. President! This is as it should be, and it does you the very highest honour. Piracy has long been a wrong, a nuisance, and a scandal. The rulers of countries have been most culpable in allowing it to

flourish. When laws, custom-houses, judges, and policemen, have done all they possibly could to protect the paltriest patent for a boot-jack, or a corkscrew, a printed cotton gown, or a warming-pan, it is almost incredible that they should have left the copyright in books, music, and engravings open to every depredation; the more especially as such depredation has not only injured authors and publishers, but actually deprived native composers, paper-makers, and bookbinders of a vast amount of employment. Think, for example, of the thousands of honest English artisans who have been stripped of work by the piracies of the Americans—or of the thousands of French workmen reduced to starvation by the scandalous buccaneer of the Belgians!

Some time ago I noticed a publication of Dr. Hoefer, a writer of scientific eminence, in which he laboured to prove that Dr. Layard is entirely mistaken in supposing that he has discovered the ruins of ancient Nineveh, inasmuch as the said ruins either do not exist at all, or that it is totally impossible to fix their precise whereabouts. This rank heresy has drawn down on the Doctor some sharp castigations from M. de Sauly of the Institute, and from the Director of the Assyrian Museum at the Louvre:—not only do they demonstrate to their own satisfaction that Dr. Layard's Nineveh is Nineveh, but they solemnly pronounce Dr. Hoefer, and any one who suspects the contrary, to be—no wiser than they should be. But, undismayed at the wrathful language of the *savans*, the Doctor boldly reasserts all that he has advanced—viz., that the old writers, Hebrew and Greek, are not agreed as to the precise site—that the ruins found are at greater distance from the Tigris than it is certain the city of Nineveh was—and that the cuneiform inscriptions on the stones found prove nothing at all, as no one can truly interpret the cuneiform writings.

Reference has been made to the enormous mass of newspapers which were printed just after the Revolution of February. Some idea may be formed of it, from the fact that one single printer, M. Boulé, actually sold for months together between 200,000 and 300,000 copies *daily*, of four or five different journals of which he was the printer. He had eleven presses at work day and night, and in the course of a short time not only managed to pay off several thousand pounds of debt, but even to make a very considerable fortune. The journals he printed were chiefly what is called Red, or Ultra-Democratic; and such was the *fureur* of the public for them, that the hawkers used to demand 'papers' without caring what they were. All the newspapers were paid for in pence, and it was literally *sou* by *sou* that Boulé enriched himself.

Ronconi has been engaged at the Académie Royale by M. Roqueplan. In thus securing this eminent *artiste*, the director is considered to have made a *coup de maître*—first, by preventing the Italian theatre from possessing him, and next, because he is really an important acquisition. Notwithstanding his engagement, Ronconi is persisting in his appeal to the Council of State against his dismissal from the management of the Théâtre Italien, and he has published what the French call a *mémoire*, to show that he is the victim of an unfair exercise of power. By all this, however, he is not likely to do himself any good.—Mr. Lumley opened his doors on Saturday, with Madame Sontag in *La Sonnambula*. The house, which is beautifully decorated, was crowded to excess by the very *élite* of the fashionable society of Paris. The season has commenced with *éclat*, and no doubt will be a brilliant one.—At the Académie, Madame Viardot, in the *Prophète*, is again in all her glory. This great opera has been presented upwards of eighty times, and yet fills the house twice or thrice a week. It is a veritable Californian 'diggin' for the management.—The Opera Comique people are dropping mysterious hints about the probability of David, the composer of the *Desert*, bringing out an opera.—We have also a revival of the eternal

rumour that Rossini is actually engaged on another five act *partition*: but don't believe it. Rossini has pitched music to the dogs, and thinks of nothing but eating, drinking, and lounging.—At the Gaieté we have had Frederick Lemaire (with all his faults the greatest of living French actors) in a melodrama called *Paillasson*;—he personates with wonderful power a mountebank, who is a loving father and husband.—The ever-fascinating Dejazet has made a hit at the Vaudeville, in a vaudeville founded on Beranger's charming song, *Ma Grand-mère*.

And now that I mention the name of the *pauvre chansonnier*, let me state that he occupies himself a good deal in writing biographies, anecdotes, criticisms, &c., of the public men with whom, in the course of his long career, he came in contact. It is now two years since he announced his intention of giving such a work to the public, and he seems to think that it will possess great historical value. Nay, he modestly says that it will probably outlive his songs, (*that* is impossible though!) and he chuckles over the thought that he will be called by posterity the 'austere historian Beranger,' or the 'grave biographer Beranger'—he who has done as much as any man living to diffuse harmless gaiety over the world—who has sung in soul-inspiring strains the joy of wine and the charms of woman; who has turned the bitterness of poverty into mirth, and filled the garret with sunshine!

Since my last I have had an opportunity of seeing the navigable balloon at work. Either from a misarrangement of the apparatus, or from some grave defect in it, the success of the experiment was, unlike the previous ones, anything but complete. The balloon, which, as stated in my last, is four or five yards in length, and of the form of a fish, instead of sailing straight along, continually ran with its nose into the ground, and toppled over. With this exception, however, the balloon was duly propelled in different directions by a lightly-constructed sort of paddles, or wings, placed at the sides, and set in motion by means of simple machinery like that of a roasting-jack, and, like it, requiring to be wound up every now and then. At the tail were placed two rudders, which we were told would regulate the ascensions and descensions of the balloon, and also serve to keep it in a horizontal line; but they were not brought into play at all. The balloon had a line of iron wire running along the sides, and meeting in a point at either end, and it was encircled at intervals with thinner wire. The apparatus was contained in a little cage placed beneath the balloon. The wings and the rudders seemed to me to be remarkably small and weak in proportion to the size of the fish—a sharp gust of wind would have blown them entirely away. On the whole, though it would be going too far to say that the difficulties of aerial navigation have been overcome, it would be unjust not to admit—notwithstanding the comparative failure of the last experiment—that a great step seems to have been made in the right direction. It is much to be hoped that means for continuing experiments will be afforded M. Julien, the inventor. He is only a simple journeyman watchmaker, but seems as intelligent as he is modest.

#### NOTE FROM ABROAD.

*Remains of a Roman Theatre at Cremona.*—At the opening meeting of the Royal Institute of Architects, a letter was read from Mr. Octavius Hansard, dated Cremona, stating that Signor Miglioranza, of Vicenza, was about to send to England a series of drawings of the innumerable fine remains of a Roman theatre, recently discovered there. "These fragments, and the mass of building remaining, are so perfect, that he has, upon pretty sure foundation, made drawings of a restoration. Amongst the fragments is an Ionic cap, the volutes of which are not cut; but upon one of the faces is distinctly marked the method of turning them, which appears to be upon a principle different from any we have hitherto known."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## LETTERS OF LAURA D'AUVERNE TO BERTHA.

## NINTH, AND LAST, LETTER.

FORTH I hasten'd to my Hostess,—in the little room lay spread  
Breakfast, near the trellis'd window—where the birds sang overhead;  
And the golden air kept playing—as an infant plays and toys—  
With a book, whose leaves lie open,—keeping up a sleepy noise!

All around me smiled a welcome; there was beauty in the morn,  
Sweetness in the vernal cradle of the infant flowers, new born:  
And my Hostess, had you seen her, you had thought some sportive elf  
Thus had made her ever restless—ever smiling to herself!

Up she rose and kiss'd me, saying, "You were *dreaming* in your sleep;  
Something *sad*? I thought so, dearest;—well, 'tis sometimes *good* to weep!  
Tears are often sent from heaven—sent by those who watch the hour;—  
Often tears are angel teachers! full of spiritual power!

Something in that dear face moved me; it was gladsome to behold;  
Radiant with restrain'd affection—glowing with a love untold!  
Mute—and yet how much 'twas speaking:—when, as if too greatly blest,  
In her arms she softly took me—press'd my pale cheek to her breast.

"I have news," she said, "glad tidings;—*some one* hath arrived—is here!  
Who, whate'er his many failings—many trials—loves you dear:  
'Tis—take courage; hear me, dearest!—When you told me all the Past,  
I did—what my love suggested—wrote, and brought *him* here at last."

"Him? D'Auverne? No—no!—oh, save me, never can I see his face,  
Never look for his forgiveness—I should die in his embrace:—"Then she sooth'd my tears and beckoned unto one I could not see,  
But my heart in dizzy throbings told me who that one must be!

Near he came, but not in anger; pale, but with a look so sweet  
That his very kindness kill'd me—and I fainted at his feet;  
Had he scorn'd me, I had borne it, knowing all his long annoy;  
But his tenderness subdued me—and I swoon'd with sudden joy!

Slowly from my swoon returning—all, as in a dream, was seen,  
I was in my own dear dwelling—back, as *ill* had never been!  
And my husband's arm enclos'd me—and the past had lost its trace—  
'Till I saw its awful writing in that thin, pale, alter'd face!

Then he told me all his sorrows, when he found that *I had fled*;  
How he trembled every moment *lest some crowd should bring me dead!*  
That he wrote unto my parents, who arrived that very night—  
Straightway parting with the servants, ere transpir'd my thoughtless flight.

Then I learnt, with chilling horror, what aspersion might have done,  
That my name assailed and tainted might have grown a thing to shun:—  
But my husband's tender caution had averted all this ill;  
And, though I was thus forgetful,—he was thoughtful, loving still!

"Oh," I cried, "a life's affection ne'er can pay the debt I owe!  
God will help me, in his mercy, all his boundless love to show;  
And the Future, like an Angel, with an ever-coming wing,  
Shall make Life eternal sweetness—and our love an endless spring!"

Looking up, I saw that dear one who a mother's heart had shown,  
And I said that I am living's due to Thee and God alone!  
Due to Thee that I am happy—that I 'scape from out this strife  
With a spirit taught submission; better Christian—better wife!

O'er her knee my face I bended—and she raised her voice in tears  
Unto Him, the ever-watching;—Him, that sanctified her years!  
"Guard her Thou, oh God!"—she murmur'd;—"keep her spirit in the right,  
May she—here, on earth, so lovely—still be lovelier in Thy sight!"

So we wept, in weeping happy that this cup had pass'd away—  
That from out a night of darkness had emerged so sweet a day!  
And D'Auverne said—"Never—never, can I pay what you have done,  
Save, since Laura is your daughter,—you will take me for your son.

"And we'll watch your years together—love you with a perfect truth;  
Scatter flowers of love around you, bright as e'er adorn'd your youth!  
Still increasing in affection till the light of life grows dim,  
Till that hour when God shall take us—call us, one by one, to Him!"

## VILLAGE COURTSHIP.

TAPPING at the window,  
Peeping o'er the blind;—  
'Tis really most surprising,  
He *never* learns to mind!  
'Twas only yester evening,  
As in the dark we sat,  
My mother ask'd me sharply,  
"Pray, Mary, who is that?"  
Who's that, indeed,—you're certain  
How much she made me start;  
Men seem to lose their wisdom  
Whene'er they lose their heart!  
Yes—there he is—I see him;  
The lamp his shadow throws  
Across the curtain'd window;  
He's stepping on his toes!  
He'll never think of tapping,  
Or making any din;—  
A knock, though e'en the slightest,  
Is worse than looking in!  
Tap! tap!—would any think it?  
He never learns to mind;  
'Tis surely most surprising—  
He thinks my mother blind!  
'Tis plain I *must* go to him;  
It's no use *now* to cough;—  
I'll open the door, just softly,  
If but to send him off:  
'Tis well if from the door-step—  
He be not shortly hurried—  
Oh, men, there ne'er was trouble  
'Till ye came in the world!  
Tapping at the window,  
And peeping o'er the blind;  
Oh, man, but you're a trouble,  
And that we maidens find!

CHARLES SWAIN.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*The Jony, Dublin, Fliegende Blätter Waltzes*, &c. &c.  
By Joseph Labitzky. London: Cocks and Co.  
THE foremost set has been produced, for the first time in England, at the Grand National Concerts, under the superintendence of the world-famed composer of dance-music, and is justly entitled to be ranked among the most elegant specimens of waltzes which have hitherto graced the salons of the many patrons of Terpsichore. It is natural to suppose that they lose half their charm shorn of the instrumentation, which is always graceful and refreshing to the ear, without being loud or boisterous. We pronounce this set to be our most favoured.

The "Dublin," so called from the insertion of two national melodies—one, the "Last Rose of Summer," in the introduction; the other, that most inviting of dance tunes, "Donnybrook Fair," in the coda. The first waltz is a charming melody, simple and catching. The coda is well worked up, and is most effective.

"Fliegende Blätter," another proof of the composer's fertility of invention, are a charming set, possessing every attribute mentioned in the former ones, though occasionally a little sameness is apparent, which is the natural consequence of one unabated rhythm.

"Herbstblumen Walzer." A most lively and inspiring production, full of grace and elegance, with an agreeable finale, introducing a refrain of each of the preceding waltzes.

"Glocken Galop," so called from the introduction of bells, which in the orchestra have a charming effect, but of which in the pianoforte edition we are deprived. The effect is therefore considerably marred, and the intention destroyed. It is, nevertheless, fresh and pleasing. The trio is very graceful, and leads well to the former bell subject. It concludes with a portion of the trio, which has a good effect. We judge this to be one of the best galops we have heard for some time, and is a fit companion to the "Militaire Galop," which is vigorous and more bustling in its intention. The trio is particularly pretty, and forms a good contrast to the more exciting part of the galop. Both of them deserve to become popular.

We do not so much admire the polkas, which though neither deficient in rythmical qualities or melody, yet fail to produce in us the dancy desire

that a polka generally excites. Herr Labitzky is, however, in our opinion, one, if not the most finished composer of dance music. His instrumentation is light and characteristic, a merit it should always possess, as we cannot imagine ourselves tripping the "light fantastic toe" to the overwhelming power of drums and trumpets.

*Grand National Concerts.*—The production of four important novelties during the past week proves that the Executive Committee is exerting itself to the utmost in order to fulfil the brilliant promises it put forward at the commencement of the season. The two earlier productions were an original Symphony of Taubert, a foreign composer of some fame, and the new hunting glee of Mr. Balf; the former is an elaborate composition, wanting in melody, but skilfully worked out; the latter, a graphic and clever composition, well instrumented and admirably arranged for the voices—both have been successful. The performances of Wednesday night were invested with great interest, inasmuch as they involved the production of the "Great Quadrille of all Nations," composed expressly for these Concerts by Herr Labitzky, and dedicated by permission to Prince Albert; they were performed by the ordinary orchestra in conjunction with the bands of the 1st Life Guards, Scotch Fusiliers Guards, and the Grenadier Guards, a corps of military side drums, and the Berlin and English Choristers; bands were also placed in the gallery and invisibly at the back of the stage. Prior to speaking of the form of the Quadrille, we award all possible praise to the composer for the admirable manner in which he has fulfilled his task, and to the instrumentalists and choristers engaged. The reiterated shouts of approbation testified the public appreciation of this novel performance. After the introduction, which served to impress us with the power of the assembled forces, the national airs of "Rule Britannia," and snatches of "God save the Queen," served as themes for the first figure—at one time taken up by the whole orchestra, at another echoing in the gallery, and anon disappearing behind the stage, suddenly seized upon by the murmuring voices, and then bursting out with enormous vigour till the house rang again. Then the "Russian National Hymn," with its impressive strains, arose, and suddenly gave place to the twittering of Richardson's flute. The theme is bandied about from Richardson to Maycock, Baumann, and others, till it melts into the "Austrian Hymn," which is adopted by Mr. Arban, as a means to exhibit his wonderful powers of execution. Whilst listening to the melody flowing from the cornet, our attention is diverted by a new strain awakening in another quarter; "Vive Henri Quatre" strikes upon the ear, and is suddenly superseded by the American "Yankee Doodle." And now Barres and Remusat and Arban all set to and commence working upon the themes, each in his peculiar manner, and each equally well. And, at last, comes the Grand Finale, introducing all the previous airs, and breaking out into "God save the Queen," echoed, and re-echoed, and re-echoed again from all parts of the theatre—taken up by the choruses, drums, and orchestras, till its inspiring strains are interrupted by the loyal shouting of the audience, and demands for repetition. At the termination of the Quadrilles Herr Labitzky was loudly called for, and cheered, applauded, and shouted at with the greatest vehemence.

*Jullien's Promenade Concerts.*—The great director of these popular entertainments shows as much determination as ever in striving for the public patronage and favour: it is not too much to say, that his success has been in every way adequate to his exertion. The band which mightily obeys the baton of M. Jullien, although shorn of many of its principals, is still very efficient, and particularly adapted to the interpretation of dance-music. The principal attractions have been Jenny Treffz and the Crystal Curtain—both shine with equal brilliancy. The "British Army Quadrilles" are as loud

and stirring as of yore—"the Ghoorka March," "Ne-paule Quadrille," "Wild Flowers," and "Ronde Mai" Waltzes and "Review Galop," are nightly accompanied by the twinkling feet of the numerous audiences which have assembled. We would suggest, as a companion to Jetty Treffz and the Crystal Curtain, Herr Koenig and the mudlin draperies; the former pleases the ear as much as the latter does the eye. Novelties of various descriptions are preparing.

*Princess's Theatre.*—A new play, in five acts, *The Templar*, was acted for the first time on Saturday. The author, Mr. Slous, had written an actable play, not distinguished for its poetical beauties, its novelty of design, nor its elevation of sentiment, yet possessing certain of the dramatic elements. The play, however, is not acted in its printed integrity; the actors have tampered with the dramatist—the conventions of the stage have been satisfied, and the result has been the damaging of the original play. The alterations, or presumed improvements, insisted upon, have reduced it to a mere melodrama; the eye has been mainly studied, and the scene-painter and the tailor have ridden rough-shod over the poet. Mr. Charles Kean has proved his skill in all that regards the pictorial of the stage, and everything has been produced that the most lavish outlay could effect; but despite the externals which have been brought to bear on *The Templar*, there is a tardiness of action, and a want of common human interest, which must prevent its ever becoming what, in theatrical slang, is denominated a "stock play." The chief characters never attain to the sublimity of tragedy—there is no grand moral object achieved—no close workings of the human heart laid bare—no complex interests evolved—no objects to attract the loftier sympathies—the characters move before us without interest, and we regard their "sayings and doings" as mere stage creations of a past time. The "thrilling" situations are merely physical, and the shudderings are produced by the personal danger rather than the mental throes of the heroine.

The scene of the play of the *Templar* is laid on the western coast of Normandy. There, on the seashore, in a fisherman's hut, lived one *La Marche*, under the name of *Hubert*, an Albigeois noble who had escaped the persecution of the Templars. One morning he had gone forth from his castle in Languedoc to hunt, leaving his wife sleeping with her two babes—returning at night, the glare of fire arose in the evening twilight, in the direction of his home; *Aymar de la Roche*, with his excommunicating hordes, had cut down all before them, and fired the castle. *La Marche* in striving to hew his way through the forces was wounded; when conscious, he vainly sought the tower wherein dwelt his wife. The following lines explain the circumstance—

"When I awoke  
To consciousness again, the cool grey light  
Of morning dimly showed the shattered walls  
Which stood in silence round me. My first glance  
Sought for the turret that had been the bower  
Of all I loved—its ruins heaped the ground!  
They told me what I was—each blackened stone,  
Each mouldering rafter, mutely showed the truth.  
I knew that I was wifless, childless."

A faithful servant saved *La Marche* and his daughter; the enemies of the Albigeois imagined he was dead, nor did he undeceive them, but endeavoured to search them out. *Aymar de la Roche*, oppressed with care, had departed for the Holy Land, and had become a Templar; he too had possessed a wife and son, but the heart of the former had been turned against him, and she had fled with the child. Time passed on, and at the period of the opening of the play, *Aymar* had become Grand Prior of the French order of Templars. *La Marche* lived a contented life, his whole soul engrossed with the love of his daughter *Isoline*. But misfortune cast a dark shade over their peaceful home; *Isoline* was loved by, and loved one *Bertrand*, a young and

handsome man, whom she had accidentally encountered on the rocks near her home; acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into love, and every morn they met and whispered to the wavering winds their vows of eternal love. The first act embraces the interview of the lovers: the brow of *Bertrand* was darkened by heavy thoughts—he had never told *Isoline* aught of his position in life. He had been bred by a monk named *Anselm*, but his gladsome disposition had liked not the profession. One day, while studying, he had heard the shrill trumps, and beheld the banners of the Templars floating in the air; inflamed with the magnificence which met his eye, he had enrolled himself in the list of those serving the Temple, and thus, conscious of the dire sin he was committing, had led this girl to the very brink of the precipice, and then cowardly hurried her down. *Isoline*, affrighted at the dreadful news, seeks to flee, *Bertrand* detains her, and at her feet endeavours to exculpate himself, saying—

"Each time we met,  
Falsehood and truth have wrestled in my heart,  
But day by day my passions grew in strength,  
And as I sought those eyes, now turned away,  
Within their lustrous orbs I saw the love  
I bore thee was returned! "Tis true my voice,  
By uttering one word, could break the spell  
Which threw enchantment round me. I could change  
Sunlight to darkness, but I loathe the gloom.  
To see thee, hear thee, was entrancing bliss—  
To lose thee, desolation—and my lips were mute.  
Canst thou forgive me? Speak, my *Isoline*!  
Drop not thy gentle head, but answer me.  
Look up! there's hope before us yet! look up!  
And let my kisses warm thee back to life."

After this interview *Isoline* rushes home, and asks one favour of her father—that they may that instant forsake the spot. A short time after *Rolf*, a woodman, a friend of *Hubert*, enters, bearing a packet from *Anselm*, a monk who had fallen from the rocks, and had been tended by *Isoline* and her father. The communication is addressed to *Aymar de la Roche*. Indignantly *La Marche* tramples it on the ground, and refuses to carry it; all his old thirst for revenge returns, and he reads it. The letter tells the prior that his son still lives, and is named *Bertrand*, and that his wife died in a convent. At this instant *Rolf* re-enters, and recounts how he has observed *Isoline* in constant meeting with the youth. *La Marche*, racked with a thousand suspicions, asks the name of her lover—it is *Bertrand*.

*LA MARCHE.*

"Couldst thou know  
That he who wooed thee was a priest, whose love  
Must be pollution?"

*ISOLINE.*

"Oh, believe me, no!  
I thought him soldier!"

*LA MARCHE.*

"Doubtless, so he is.  
But did he tell thee that he cloaked his mail  
With monkish robes? that cruelty and lust  
Were veiled with seeming sanctity? A soldier,  
True girl, when rapine's hand is busy; monk  
When peace brings forth the fatness of the land  
For prey. Such is thy woe!"

*La Marche* fixes his mind upon revenge, and determines to deliver the youth who seeks his child's dishonour to the prior. He seeks him out, and asks him the punishment of a Templar who breaks his vow—death, even if in thought he sins. *La Marche* agrees to conduct *Aymar de la Roche* to a spot where he shall have auricular proof of the guilt of *Bertrand*. As the two lovers stood side by side, and the moon lit up the beaming face of *Isoline*, begging her lover to flee, *La Marche* led the Templar and his band to the spot, and *Bertrand* is taken prisoner. The following speech is one worthy of quotation:—

*BERTRAND* (*gazing round*).

"Not here! Methought I heard a footstep press  
The pebbles of the beach;—but no, all's still  
And lonely as my heart. The moon rides high  
Amidst her handmaid stars; a tempered day,  
Not night, seems ruler of the hour, so bright  
Her radiance falls around me. And yet how cold,  
How desolate, all looks without the light  
The magic of her presence gave. The crest  
Of every wave that rolls towards me bears  
A sparkling coronet, as if the sea

Were yielding up the treasures of its caves,  
To cast them at my feet; but o'er the deep  
A mournful murmur comes, that seems to wail  
With me her absence; will she then desert me?  
The thought is madness."

Now comes the trial scene in the great hall of the Preceptory.—*La Marche* has gained admission by means of a monk's disguise. The unhappy youth is led forth and is asked his defence, which is weak and illogical; he casts all the blame upon *Aymar de la Roche*, because he himself was enlisted before he knew the pleasures of the world. Death is the portion of the Templar; the *Prior* wishes to save him, and declares that if he tells the name and hiding place of her who has bewitched him, he shall live. *Bertrand* indignantly refuses, saying—

*L* "I have forgot my oath, have wronged the heart  
That trusted me; but I am not so vile  
That I should stoop to what you urge me.  
Doth then the Temple teach her sons that life  
Is dearer than their honour? Are they taught  
To render up the innocent to meet the doom  
The guilty have provoked? Oh shame on him  
Who gives the counsel! shame on those who hear  
Such baser proffered! Are ye men or fiends,  
That ye sit tamely by and see my soul  
Thus trafficked for?"

Death is then declared the portion of *Bertrand*; but *La Marche* has beheld with admiration the conduct of one whom he supposed base, and finds opportunity to tell him that he will see the *Prior*, and bid him go seek *Rolf* the woodman, from whom he will learn that *Bertrand* is his son. The fifth act discovers the ruined ramparts of a castle overhanging the sea-shore. *Isoline* is watching the preparation taking place in the distance—a suspicion crosses her mind that it is the scaffolding for the execution of her lover. She would flee to save him, but *Rolf* refuses to let her pass; one way alone remains, to cross the crumbling ruins which the wind almost sweeps away as it blows past. To the horror of her father and the woodman, who dare not look on, she climbs the rock and crosses the battlements in safety. The execution is just about to take place, and *Aymar* sits in the chamber overlooking the court-yard; at the signal of the trumpet the youth will cease to breathe. *Isoline* suddenly rushes in, and bids the *Prior*, as he would save his soul from the murder of his child, delay the execution. *La Roche* treats the intelligence as incredulous; *Isoline* offers to produce proof that she has spoken truth—the trumpet sounds—it is too late. *La Marche* enters, declares himself, and gives the proof of *Isoline's* statement. At this moment the foe, which has advanced from Poictou with Philip of Valois at its head, thunders at the gate. *Bertrand* suddenly rushes in—he lives! the trumpet sounded was that of Philip. The father and son together face the enemy; the former dies fighting for his faith. *La Marche* and *Isoline* have watched the engagement from the window, and when *Bertrand* enters, pale with fatigue, with broken sword in hand, he bewails the loss of his *Isoline* over the corpse of his father. The victorious Philip and his soldiers enter—he grants free pardon to all the esquires of the Temple, but extinguishes the order. *Bertrand* receives *Isoline* to his arms, and the curtain falls upon the happy pair, the knights equipped in full armour standing around.

The last scene of the play has been altered from its original form for the worse,—spectacle has been made the consideration instead of dramatic effect. Mrs. Charles Kean acted the character of *Isoline* with great delicacy and romantic intensity; and Mr. Charles Kean, as *La Marche*, gave a graphic portraiture of the *moyen-âge* Baron—proud, vengeful, and concentrated. The *Bertrand* of Mr. Belton, a very promising young gentleman, was truthful and pains-taking. The old Templar was sustained with dignity by Mr. Ryder. The stage accessories are admirable.

The new farce of Wednesday night, *Betsy Baker*, affords good scope for the natural drollery of the two Keeleys. *Betsy* is an amorous washerwoman, who is induced by the bribes of a Mr. Crumby to simulate a *pendant* for Mr. *Mouser*, to

cure him of his ultra-uxoriousness. *Mr. Mouser* is too attentive to *Mrs. Mouser*, and the lady is wearied to death. *Mouser* is a moral man, and a model husband; yet, despite these qualities, his vanity is touched by the winning ways and amatory obliquities of the *blanchisseuse*. The wife, however, becomes jealous of her little *Mouser*, and discovers that too much attention is better than no attention at all. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were really admirable, and when the farce receives the benefits of excision and closer acting, it must become a stock favourite.

*Lyceum Theatre*.—Madame Vestris has moulled no feather of her well-known efforts to produce novelties, and if those of the past week have fallen short of the usual attractiveness, little blame can be attached to the management. A translation from the *Chaperon Rouge* an opera written by Scribe, the music by Auber, is the groundwork of *The White Hood*. The drama is of the past school, and the differences of the Count of Flanders and the Flemish towns, which form its staple, seemed but little to interest the feelings of the audiences. Mr. Basil Baker and his daughter, Miss Fanny Baker, made their first appearance, as an old user and a patriotic young lady; but there was small scope for the exhibition of any remarkable talent. The scenery and the costumes were, as customary at the Lyceum, correct and picturesque, but the *White Hood* was coldly received, and at its termination there was but small applause, mingled with opposing sounds, peculiarly unpleasant to the ears of authors and actors. The second novelty is entitled *The Romance of the Rose*. This is imagined after the manner of the old moralities, and serves as a medium for the introduction of some very graceful groupings, symbolizing Earth, Air, Water, and Fire. The author has eschewed all attempts at clothing his dialogue in poetry, and has contented himself with the use of humble prose. A Count Hubert forswears the world and its vanities—the earth has no beauty for him, and woman no fascinations. The fiend Ashtaroth is delighted with this mood of mind, and seeks, under the guise of a *Cherâlier le Sombre*, to keep the Count in this way of thinking, knowing that such views strenuously entertained are a sure means of going to the devil. However, the fiend is doomed to find a very potent opponent in the *Queen of the Roses*, who, pitying the moral blindness of the Count, clears his vision, and warms his blood by presenting to him the several beauties of the elements. The Count thereupon destroys his bust of Misanthropus, burns his books, sighs for woman, becomes a mighty proper man, and looks at the sunny side of nature, himself made happy, and making happy those around him. This magical affair was quite successful. The scenery, by Beverly, is exceedingly beautiful.

#### VARIETIES.

The *Patent Laws* are brought much under discussion just now, whether for temporary arrangement as affecting the *Exhibition of 1851*, or with views to their permanent reform, as loudly called for in consequence of their obstructive costs, barring the door against the *Ingenious* in humble circumstances, as vividly exposed and demonstrated in the *Statistic* section of the *British Association* at Edinburgh. Many palliative suggestions for their amendment are offered, most of them possessing good features; but to our minds no remedy would be so effectual (registration distinct and easy of access being secured) as the plan of charging a moderate sum for the patent in the first instance, and levying an additional annual amount upon it, graduated in proportion to its successful working. It is well known that many patents never pay their expenses, and in this case the expenses would not accrue upon a barren speculation. Others realize immense profits, and the revenues upon these would compensate for the deficiencies in the abortive. At all events the enormous fees, and formal and official vexations, ought to be redressed.

*Mr. J. Payne Collier* has, it is stated, received a pension of 100*l.* per annum, in consideration of his literary merits, in exploring and glossing the works of *Shakspeare*, and other writers, chiefly of the Elizabethan age.

*Books, &c.*—*M. Charles Motteley*, whose choice library of ancient printers, illuminated manuscripts, &c., so coveted by the French Government of Louis Philippe, and the British Museum, has been left in such a manner by its owner, who died in September, that it will now be preserved in a public institution at Paris.

*The Great Royal Hospital*, near Uppsala, in Sweden, has been destroyed by fire, supposed to be wilfully raised, and twenty-five poor lunatics perished in the flames. The rest of the patients, 710 in number, were saved.

*Paper from Tow* is stated to have been invented and made at Berlin, so difficult, if not impossible, to be counterfeited, that it will supersede all other fabrics for bank-notes, stamps, &c. &c.

*Mr. J. Hewetson Wilson*, B.A. of Lincoln's Inn, and member of the Linnean and Botanical Societies, died suddenly on the 12th, at the early age of twenty-four years. He was zealously addicted to the study of natural history, and published a faithful translation of Jussieu's "Elements of Botany."

*Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository* maintains this year its well-deserved reputation. It is illustrated with several well-executed plates, and many pieces of original poetry.

*Jenny in the United States*.—Madame Lind's name figures liberally in the advertising columns of the cities which she visits. Her presence seems everywhere to invigorate the trading propensity. We meet with the following paragraphs, at random, in the Boston and Philadelphia papers:—*A Diploma Worth Having*.—*Mr. W. B. Little*, corner of Hanover and Salem-streets, has received from the judges of the Mechanics' Fair, two medals and a diploma for his superior candy, chloroform, and cod-liver oil. But what Mr. Little will probably prize most is a diploma from *Jenny Lind*, in her own hand-writing, as follows:—

"Dear Sir.—Allow me to thank you for the beautiful specimen of confectionery which you have sent me, and which, without exception, was the finest production of that kind I ever have seen. Yours very truly."

"Boston, Oct., 1850." JENNY LIND.

"We must close our notice this week of *Jenny*," says the last Philadelphia *Saturday Post*, "with a characteristic note sent by her to a *restaurateur* of this city, who forwarded her a cluster of reed birds for her table:—

"Dear Sir.—Allow me to thank you sincerely for your kind attention towards me, in sending such a number of little birds, which I consider to be a very great delicacy, although it is a cruelty to not let them have their peace to jump about and enjoy themselves in the woods. I am, dear sir, yours truly," JENNY LIND.

"*J. Guy, Junior, Esq.*"  
Ossian E. Dodge, Esq., the purchaser of the \$150 dollar ticket at Boston, is drawing upon the citizen for the amount. He is announced for a concert in the Tremont Temple, on Monday evening, Oct. 28th. John G. Saxe, Esq., of Burlington, Vt., has been declared the winner of Dodge's 50 dollar prize, offered for the best comic song.—*New York Literary World*.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

##### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

*Agnew's (Sir Andrew) Memoirs*, by Dr. M'Crie, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
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#### DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1850.	h. m. s.	1850.	h. m. s.
Nov. 16 . . .	11 44 57-0	Nov. 20 . . .	11 45 47-8
17 . . . .	— 45 8-4	21 . . . .	— 46 2-6
18 . . . .	— 45 20-7	22 . . . .	— 46 18-2
19 . . . .	— 45 33-9		

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The first paper of an intended series upon the National Exhibition, which appeared in last *Gazette*, will show how earnest we are, now that England is fully pledged to, and embarked in, the design, to aid its auspicious development by every means in our power. The pen is held by an individual not undistinguished in science and literature; and, as we declared in our remark on a theatrical display (*Literary Gazette*, No. 1763), we consider that no trust can be faithfully and honourably fulfilled, unless entire confidence be given, and there is no tampering with the results. We make this statement, however, for the sake of the consistency which the public have a right to expect from us, and which, we have been told, is somewhat compromised by the expression of belief in "the honesty of purpose" actuating all "concerned in co-operating towards the *éclat* of the Exhibition." No doubt, at the commencement of the scheme, we pointed out the jobbery which poisoned it; but better blood has since been infused, and we have reason to think that the self-interested have not had the field so open to their manœuvres. There are many difficulties in the way of carrying out the scheme to which the Nation is committed in all its troublesome details; and as failure would be discredit to the Nation, we should be sorry, indeed, not to do our best towards accomplishing the object in view, by sinking every retrospect, and looking only forward.

We are overwhelmed with theological productions, arising out of the great religious controversy which has now brought on a crisis between the Romish and Reformed Churches. It will, no doubt, be impossible for a Journal which reflects the literature of its era, to avoid the notice of these works and communications; to the extent, at least, of making its readers acquainted with their nature and character. But we wish it to be understood beforehand that we do not think it consistent with our plan or duties to enter into this important argument. "Crux" will please receive this as an answer to his singular epistle. We cannot inform him what the Emperor of Russia and the Greek Church would do if "the Papists tried the same game on them as on the Queen and Church of England."

Our reports of the Provincial Archaeological proceedings are postponed, owing to a late influx of *modern* matter.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.— THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS. MONDAY, November 18th.

Macfarren's Serenata—THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.  
Lubitsch's "GREAT QUADRILLE OF ALL NATIONS."

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**EXHIBITION OF MODERN BRITISH ART.**—This EXHIBITION will OPEN at the Gallery of the Old Water-colour Society, No. 5, Pall-mall East, on MONDAY MORNING NEXT, the 18th inst. SAMUEL STEPNEY, *Secretary*.

**EXHIBITION of 1851.—TENDERS**  
FOR SUPPLYING REFRESHMENTS IN THE BUILDING.—The Executive Committee for the Exhibition of 1851, hereby give Notice, that it is the intention of Her Majesty's Commissioners to let the privilege of supplying Refreshments in the Building. Copies of the Terms proposed will be ready, Nov. 18, at the Offices of the Executive Committee, 1, Old Palace Yard. The Tenders will be required to be delivered on Monday the 9th day of December, 1850. (Signed) M. D. WYATT, *Secretary*.

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#### TO VISITORS to the CONTINENT

and to ARTISTS.—Messrs. J. and R. McCracken, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7, Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility, Gentry, and Artists, that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c., from all parts of the Continent for clearing through the Custom Houses, &c., and that they undertake the Shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

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Since the Meeting held on the 2nd of October, THIRTEEN DEBTORS, of whom seven had wives and sixteen children, have been discharged from the Prisons of England and Wales, the expense of whose liberation, including every charge connected with the Society, was 265/-, 17s. 9d.; and the following Benefaction received since the last Report:

Sir R. P. Glyn, Bart. .... Ann. 27. 2s.

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JOSEPH LUNN, Secretary.

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The Artists who have been engaged on the work are well known to, and highly appreciated by, the public, and they had the advantage of consulting the productions of undeniable authorities.—The entertainments will be timed every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, until further notice. Doors open at half-past One and half-past Seven, p.m.; to commence at Two, p.m., and Eight, p.m. Admission—Front Seats, 2s. 6d.; Back Seats, 1s.

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